CHRISTIAN REGISTER
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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1840. NO. 1012.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 8.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

POETRY SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

NO. VII.

Tune: Watchman.

Suggested by the Seventh Commandment.

1 Holy, All-holy One,
Whose glories Heaven entrance,
With awe profound let man adore,
Beneath thy searching glance.

2 Thou art of eyes too pure
To look on daring sin;
Yet all we do or say thou knowest,
And every thought within.

3 Night, with her darkest veil,
From thee can nought conceal;
The shades of death before thee fly,
And deeds unknown reveal.

4 Then may our hearts abhor
The thought of joys uncharste;
Let grace divine control desire,
And form a heavenly taste.

5 While we indulge the hope
Of dwelling, Lord, with thee,
Unstained may all our robes be kept;
Our life from folly free.

6 Oft may we soar on high;
Anticipate the day,
When earth no more shall tempt our hearts
To leave our heavenly way. S. W.

NO. VIII.

Tune: Ydolem, or Arlington.

A Paraphrase of the Eighth Commandment.

1 God, on his creatures hath bestowed
Life and its every joy;
Nought can support us, but his power;
Nought but his power destroy.

2 All have their proper gifts secured,
Chartered by laws supreme;
Those who their neighbor's peace invade,
Forfeit their peace with Him.

3 Lord, may we reverence thy designs,
Nor, with insidious guile,
Rifle th' industrious of the boon,
Earned by their patient toil.

4 Honest and frugal in our lives,
May we our means employ;
Never rapacious, nor unkind,
While we our own enjoy.

5 Humble our selfish spirits, Lord,
Sources of every ill;
Thus may our labors for the world
Nobler designs fulfill. S. W.

For the Register and Observer.

FOLLY OF WAR.

'All wars are follies, very mischievous and very expensive ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, EVEN BY THE CASTING OF A DIE, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other.' —*Franklin.*

Such is the declaration of one of the wisest and sharpest observers of his age—preeminently an age of war. He declares that there is no reason in war—that there is no need of it—that nations can settle their disputes by referring to some third party, and if they cannot agree upon that, they had better throw a die to decide the question than go to war. We put the opinion of Franklin, the tamer of the lightning, and the dethroner of power, over against the satire and bombast of public debaters, and Phi Beta Kappa orators and poets, who of late seem to have made the efforts of the friends of peace, the butt of their sarcasm. On public days, when the literary gather, and the young are going forth from the Halls of Science, it is rung in their ears with the tongue of eloquence, and jeer of scorn that we *must* have war—that it is necessary—that nations cannot do without it. This is all false—false in taste—false in fact. There is no need of war. We might as well contend that neighbors *must* fight to settle their differences of lines, and prices, as that nations must fight to settle theirs. FIGHT! what a word for men to use. FIGHT! what does it mean—ponder it—turn it over in your mind, think of it—what is its true import? It means to take the knife and go deliberately out, and gash—stab—kill your neighbor! your brother! It is no hasty, rash act—it is not the impulse of passion instantly heated—it is cool, calculating, deliberate killing. The nation consults about it, it is conversed about by the fire-side, money is raised and appropriated to buy knives, (politely called swords) and grind, and polish them. Men are hired and paid by the month—by the day—by the job—to kill. And yet, though such be the nature of war, there are men who will stand up, (and where?—in the sacred sanctuary of the religion of Jesus,) and declare that all this is *necessary*; and hoot at and deride those who believe that 'all wars are follies' and sins. Franklin was seventy seven years of age when he uttered the words of my motto; he had the experience of much travel, seeing many countries, being intro duced to many cabinets, and the experience of great age and deliberation.

I am not ashamed to stand with Franklin. There are others who are not ashamed to declare that they would as lief appeal to reason, as to lead and iron, to adjust their disputes. He who dares not appeal to reason when he has a difference with his neighbor, need be ashamed—he confesses that nothing intelligent will act with him and for him.

I appeal to the Christian community if they will be sneered out of a truth which wisdom has sealed with his royal signet. I ask why not refer national troubles to some competent tribunal as well as individual troubles. What shadow of a reason is there beneath the sun why we should not appeal to reason—to men? There is not a single reason. It is only the *will* of a few, the *interest* of less, and the *sneer* of some bombastic orators, which prevents its being done. Shall I be told that there is no tribunal to which nations can appeal? Then make one; so much the more need of action. But there are bodies of men to whom such appeals can be made in every nation. Take the case of our North Eastern boundary. The train is now all laid ready to flash by the first spark that shall be applied, and set the nation on fire—deluge two kingdoms with blood. Now I say refer the question to the board of civil engineers in France. They are a disinterested party. Let them come upon the ground with the Treaty in their hands—measure the line, and decide where it is. They are competent to do it, and this is the way we farmers do in all such cases of division lines; we get a surveyor, and send him upon the ground with the deed in his hand, he runs the line, marks the bounds, and we abide by his decision. We do not sit in our parlors, and write letters to each other on the subject, declaring where the line ought to be, and *shall* be; and then if we cannot agree call Tom, and John to go and buy some rifles and march over into the woods and shoot each other—dead! We should hang such neighbors for murder—what a gallows it would take to hang all the nations that are thus guilty!!

I say then that there are means, abundant and amply competent means, of settling this difficulty about which the whole kennel of war dogs are growling, and gnawing the bars of their cage, anxious to devour—tear—and kill. Will a reasonable community go to war on this subject? Will they not rather refer the matter to some competent judges, and not to a king whose crown may be worth more than his head. This matter cannot be deferred. The crisis is at hand. Remember last winter. Think of it—do you wish such a scene to be repeated? Such a scene! nay, a worse one; a scene not only maddened and thirsting for blood, bat actually feasting upon it. May a righteous God stay the hand of violence. May a Christian community beware how they listen to the sneer of the demagogue, or the rant of the braggart. And let them beware how they choose those to address them on their literary and political anniversaries who are capable of finding no better weapons than lampoonery, and ridicule—and no other theme than taunting the benevolent, and burlesquing the declaration of the wise. It may be pleasant to the ear to hear the wit, but truth bleeds, and the heart is hardened and debased. In defiance of all such scorn, I say in the language of Franklin, 'all wars are FOLLIES.' Better settle our disputes by the CAST OF A DIE, than by fighting and destroying each other. And under the broad shield of his name can we be easily protected from the hail discharged from such a cloud. R. P. S.

[From the London Review.]

DEATH OF CROMWELL.

We must dwell for a little on the closing scene of this great man's life. His second and favorite daughter, Elizabeth Claspole, had been very sickly for some time. Her character beautifully depicts itself in a letter of the 12th of June, 1658, to the wife of Henry Cromwell. Though extremely ill, she forgets herself in her overflowing affection for her brother, her family, and especially him whom God so wonderfully preserved from his enemies,—her father, Cromwell, whose heart leapt up amidst the dangers of battles, and laughed at the plots of assassins, had now unavailingly to try a task which blanched his spirit, and ward off, if he might, that sad reversal of hope when the father buries his his child, and of that treasury of sweet affections garnered for the solace of *his* death-bed, there is nothing left to him but the recollection of *her* death smile. His own health had all along been far from firm; and his watching by her bedside during her long and extreme pain, with the sight of the frequent and violent convulsion fits which brought her to her end, affected him so acutely, that a little before her death, on Friday the 6th of August, he was himself taken ill. He became ill by her bedside; and when she died, the desolation of his home was more than he could bear. After four or five days, this illness seemed to wear off. On the 17th of August he went out for an hour, and returning much refreshed, his friends congratulated him on his recovery; but George Fox, the Quaker, who went up to him on this occasion, requesting his protection for the Friends, declared when he left him, that he had seen the 'wraith' of death in the face of Cromwell. On the 24th, he was again confined to his room by a slow fever, which his physicians called a bastard tertian. This day, overhearing one of his physicians whisper to another, 'his pulse is intermittent,' he became pale, a cold perspiration came on his face, and, desiring to be laid on his bed, he made his private will. On the arrival of his physician next morning, he requested every one to leave the room except his wife—they had been nearly forty years together, and happy all the time—and holding her hand he said to the physician, 'Do not think that I shall die; I am sure that I shall not.' Observing surprise in the eyes of the physician, he continued, 'Don't think that I am mad; I tell you the truth; I know it from better authority than any that you can have from Galen or Hippocrates. It is the answer of God himself to our prayer; not mine alone, but to those of others who have a more intimate interest in him than I have.' This communication, the offspring of strong will and wild faith, was told to Thurloe and others; and hence Godwin, his chaplain, is said to have exclaimed in prayer, 'O Lord, we pray not for his recovery, that thou hast granted already; what we now beg is his speedy recovery:'—words of maddened hope! Being removed from Hampton Court to Whitehall for change of air, his fever became a double tertian, with two fits in twenty-four hours, the one close after the other, which weakened and wasted him extremely. For some days he was scarcely out of fits. In the intervals, however, he would insist on transacting business, and when his physician remonstrated, he told them 'a governor ought to die standing.' The lion heart was still there.

On the second of September he asked one of his chaplains to read to him the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses of the fourth chapter of Paul's Epistles to the Philippians,—'Not that I speak to him in respect of want, but I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith be content. I know both how to be abated and how to abound, every where and in all things. I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' When the passage had been read, he murmured forth brokenly the touching works. 'This scripture did once save my life when my eldest son———died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.' Then himself repeating the words of the apostle, he said, 'Not that I speak in respect of want, but I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' 'T is true, Paul, you have learnt this, and attained to this measure of grace, but what shall I do? Ah! poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out; I find it so. 'I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.' He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too; and so drew waters out of the well of salvation, Christ, in the covenant of grace.' As they stood around his bed, he lifted himself up, and said to Sterry, one of his chaplains, 'Tell me, is it possible to fall from grace?' The reply of the Calvinist was, 'It is not possible,' 'Then,' he exclaimed, 'I am safe, I know I was in grace once.' The dying soldier then turned round and prayed for the people of God, and especially for his enemies among them, in a prayer full of Christ-like forgiveness and love—earnest, touching, and truthfull—the voice of a spirit retiring into eternity as it prays;—'Lord, although I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with thee through grace, and I may, I will, come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me (though very unworthy) a mean instrument to do them some good and thee some service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death: but, Lord, however thou dost dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them; give them consistency of judgment, one heart and mutual love, and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation, and make the name of Christ glorious in the world; and teach those who look too much upon thy instruments to depend most upon thyself; pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Chrlsi's sake, and give us a good night if it be thy pleasure.' Most part of the night before his death, he was very restless, speaking often to himself. He was heard muttering, 'Truly God is good, indeed he is; he will not—' here his speech failed him, but his attendants thought the expression was, 'he will not leave me.' He frequently, during his illness, used the saying, 'God is good,' cheerfully and fervently in the midst of his pain. At other times he said, 'I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people, but my work is done; yet God will be with his people.' There being something to drink offered to him, he was desired to take it and endeavor to sleep; he answered, 'It is not my design to drink or sleep, but it was my design to make what haste I can to be gone.' In this way passed the night within that chamber of death in the plain and irregular mansion, fronted by a high wall, which this great ruler occupied at Whitehall; without, one of the most violent storms on record spent its fury on the city, throwing down chimneys, uprooting trees in the parks, and unroofing houses. Solemn assemblies had been held for sevaral days throughout the country and all over the city by the Puritans, and large numbers passed all that day in fasting, and tears, and prayers, for the great life which, heedless of the storm, was gasping itself away for ever, as the peaceful shadow of death extended itself over the sufferer. Though he used some exceeding 'self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself,' his expressions, towards morning, were full of inward consolation and peace. And thus the high spirit of Oliver Cromwell passed calmly away at about four o'clock in the afternoon of his fortunate day—his twice victorious third of September. Fear paled all cheeks on that stormy autumn day, and as the death news spread among the praying congregations, the Puritans bemoaned themselves, putting their mouths in the dust, saying, 'It is the Lord' —'A great man is fallen in Israel!'

His enemies, also, were soon aware that his dying prayers had been made for them. 'Others wish and would be glad of my death, but, Lord, however thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them; pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too.'

HYPOCRITE, LIAR, APOSTATE, and USURPER, —beautiful was thy death, and sweetly full of forgiving love.

[From a London Paper.]

IRISH TEETOTALISM. EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

Limerick, Dec. 2.

When I alluded in my last letter to father Matthews, I little thought that I should have had again to speak of him in connection with a scene such as, I believe, in Europe, could not find its parallel. I had heard of his fascinating influences among the lower classes, and of their firm belief that if they tasted spirituous liquors after taking the priest's pledge, some great and heavy misfortune would be sure to overtake them; but I was, notwithstanding, wholly unprepared for what I this day witnessed.

The reverend gentleman was expected in Limerick on Saturday, as he was invited to preach a charity sermon on the Sunday, and in order to prevent confusion it was announced that those who wished to take the pledge should enrol their names beforehand. On Saturday night the number of names enrolled, I am told, was not less than twenty thousand. After the sermon on Sunday, which sermon was eminently productive to the charity, the reverend gentleman proceeded to the Court House to receive the pledges, and remained there until ten o'clock at night, the people took the pledge by twenties at a time. Notwithstanding the numbers thus disposed of, the state of the city this morning beggars description.

At an early hour, the house of Mr Dunbar, in Mallow street, where the priest took up his residence, was surrounded by thousands of people from the country, until the pressure became so great that the area railings gave way, and a young woman was unfortunately killed upon the spot. The reverend gentleman resumed his exertions at the Court House, where he remained until afternoon, when matters assumed in its neighborhood an alarming appearance.—The Court fronts the Shannon, and is surrounded by an iron railing—the pressure from within became so great that boats were placed to pick the people up if it should give way. The event thus foreseen soon afterwards occurred, and the precaution was the means of saving those who were precipitated into the river. Father Matthew by this time got alarmed for the safety of the people, and his alarm was fully and greatly justified by what soon afterwards occurred. A woman was crushed to death in the crowd, and several men, when the iron railing towards the street was carried away to the extent of many yards, were thrown down and trampled upon by the crowd, Three are said to have been picked up dead, one with his arm broken, besides others more or less severely injured. The dragoons were sent for, and the reverend gentleman was escorted back to Mallow street. The numbers who by this time had thronged into the town to take the pledge, have been estimated as high as from 60,000 to 70,000; for comparatively few of its inhabitants were among the disciples, many of them having taken the pledge previously, and yet the various vehicles and the steamboats were lad n with new converts to temperance; indeed the latter dangerously so. In Mallow street and Catherine street, the dragoons kept a lane in the centre sufficiently wide for two people to walk abreast, and on each side of this lane the people knelt in the mud, while the reverend gentleman passed through repeating after him as nearly as I could catch them, the following words: 'I solemnly promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and by my advice and example to persuade others to abstain also.'

Crowd after crowd thus take the pledge and pass away, but to make room for sueceeding throngs rushing to become his disciples. It is now dark, and yet still are the streets I have named filled with supplicants kneeling to take the pledge. Irish enthusiasm I never witnessed, but what is most singular, to those who are not aware of the results heretofore produced in similar circumstances, is, that amongst such a crowd elsewhere, or even in Ireland itself, not one tenth so many drunken people are to be found. And I saw more people to-day drunk, than I have ever seen in my life. This however, is easily accounted for. It is not to be supposed that all those who go to Mr Matthews are drunkards, but the great mass of them have been in the habit of occasional hard drinking. They resolve to go to him and take the pledge, and it is a strange anomaly that those who are about to forego drinking spirits forever, on the day before they take the pledge get drunk by way of taking a last farewell of the 'sweets' of drunkenness. It is still a fact, as I have been credibly informed, that even those who thus riot in debauchery until the pledge is actually taken, are never known to touch ardent spirits afterwards. They say that Mr Matthews has reduced the revenue on spirits in Cork alone to the extent of £10,000. If he proceeds as successfully elsewhere as in Limerick there can be no question but half the distilleries in Ireland will be obliged to give up business.

So densely crowded is the town that the price of bread rose from 2d to 6d, and was at this price snatched from the baskets of the bakers' men by the famishing multitude, and the peasantry from the neighboring counties, were obliged, having no other shelter from the weather, to pay 10d each for standing room in the cellars of the old town.

For the Register and Observer.

PRAYER.

To the Children who read the Register.

My Young Friends,—I wish to say a few words to you on Prayer. It is a most solemn subject and one on which we should think with great seriousness. For what is prayer? It is speaking to the Father of all, who created all, who is every where present and who is perfectly pure and holy. If whenever we prayed, an answer should come to us *in words*, if in the stillness of our rooms, whenever we spoke to God, we should hear a voice saying, 'your prayer is heard and I will do for you what you ask,' should we not be startled, should we not feel prayer to be a very solemn thing? Is it not as solemn now? Does not He hear us? Some persons feeling this solemnity, almost dread to pray; while others do not feel it and go through their prayers without consideration or thought. Others do not pray at all. They live on day after day, enjoying life and health, with kind friends to take care of them and make them happy, and they seem to feel that there is no reason, why they should pray? My young friends, is this the case with any of you? Think of it. You say you enjoy life. Who is it that gives you life? You have good health. Who gives it to you? Who makes the blood run so rapidly through your veins, carrying streams of health all over the body? Who is it that makes your heart beat? Is it yourself? If you should speak to it and tell it to cease beating, would it obey you? Should you not then express your gratitude to the Being, who thus takes care of you and provides for your happiness? Think again. The Being who gives you life, cannot He take it away? He that makes your heart beat, can He not stop its beatings? He that supplies strength to your arm, can he not withhold it? And He who gives you all those kind friends, can he not take them away? Have you never seen any of those whom you knew and loved, with their hearts still, their arms powerless, and their eyes closed in death? All are dependent upon God, and will you not pray to Him? Perhaps you may think He does not hear you. In a sermon preached by Mr Lothrop a few Sabbaths since, an account is given of a young man, who saved his father's life during one of the late storms. While the waves were dashing around and had swept all but this father and son from the vessel, the young man offered a short and fervent prayer, jumped into the water, and struggling manfully against the storm reached the shore, and drew his father after him safe to land. My young friends, do you suppose that this prayer was heard? Yes. He prayed for his father's life and it was granted him. Who can doubt it? Our Savior says, 'ask and ye shall receive,' and shall we doubt that *that* prayer so sincere, earnest and heart-felt was heard? It was heard, and strength was given to the arm of the noble youth, who willingly exposed himself to be dashed upon the rocks or to be swallowed up in the raging waters.

If then this prayer was heard, will not every sincere prayer be heard? Some persons will pray in times of sickness and danger, who never pray in health. Is this not ungrateful? Why shall we not love our Father and pray to Him in health as well as in sickness? Gratitude and love would lead us to pray frequently?

I hope then, my young friends, that you will pray often. Do you ask what to pray for? You have kind friends and parents, and can you not thank God for them? Think how many persons have no friends. Have you read the story of Arthur Lee and Tom Palmer? If you have, you will remember the sad account of poor Dick Stanley, 'who was left to wander upon earth and sea, without home and friends,' and how different it was from the story of Arthur, who had happy recollections of pious parents and friends. Do you remember too, how John Palmer felt, as he heard Arthur breathing a prayer. Do you not suppose that Arthur in that prayer thought of his kind friends and teacher who were far away? If any of you have not read this interesting story, I hope that you will get it.

You also can think of your friends in your prayers. You can pray too for the sorrowing, the sick, the poor and the deserted. Then you can pray for yourselves. Have you done nothing this day, for which you will feel regret, when in the stillness of night you reflect upon it? Have you said no unkind word to your parents? Oh, then before sleep falls upon your eye-lids, ask forgiveness of your Father. My friends, how much we do every day for which we should be sorry. We have always, then, something to confess to God, and we can always pray for his forgiveness and for his help in times of trial and temptation. I have now mentioned a few things for which you can pray; I hope at another time to mention some more. H. H. J.

For the Register and Observer.

MILITARY PARADES.

The evil consequences attending these are not often understood; and as special efforts are making to keep them up through the length and breadth of this state, it is necessary that the attention of the Christian community be called to the subject. I do not say that there may not be some ground for the assertion that in our large cities and towns, the appearance of armed companies parading through the streets tends to keep the rabble in awe, and makes them fear the power behind the law. I will not touch this question at this time. I admit the opinion to be true for the present. Still I contend that through our Commonwealth this is not the case. No such demand is made in the country, no such necessity exists. There is no such body of men there to be awed by force. No population of the kind exists among them. It is not at all necessary therefore to sustain armed men for the purpose of awing the rabble. The object is useless in a great portion of the Commonwealth.

I will not dwell upon the opinion either that it is necessary to keep up these parades in order to discipline men for war—because not many years since the staff officers in answer to inquiries from the secretary of war upon this subject, stated that these parades were useless for discipline, and some said worse than useless. They declared that they should prefer to take men raw from the field, and shop, and fit them for active duty, than attempt to regulate and properly discipline our companies which are paraded, and marched about, and whirled about two or three times every year. I say then I will not dwell upon the uselessness of these parades as adapted to qualify men for active duty; this point has been settled for a long time by the principal officers in the country. For this purpose they have been pronounced by military men to be useless, worse than useless. I therefore dismiss this topic without remark. Thus we dispose of two of the chief arguments in favor of military parades. They are not wanted to awe the rabble in the country if they are in the city, and hence it is no reason why the state should be at an enormous expense to sustain these parades all about, because they *may* be needed in cities. Let them be sustained where they are wanted, and by whom they are wanted. And secondly, they are not wanted to secure disciplined men for active service, for they are worse than useless for that purpose, as far as discipline is concerned.

If it be said that such parades nourish the war spirit, that is true; but the war spirit and war discipline are very different things. And this reason for their continuance is the very one I would urge for their discontinuance. We do not wish to have the war spirit nourished, it is ready enough to break out without being prepared. We do not wish to see the spirit of revenge, malignity, hatred, fed and fanned, and applauded, and worshipped. It is this that we deplore, it is this we lament. Men whose passions are thus cherished are too sensitive, they take fire at any thing, are ready to fight for any thing. Governed by impulse and not by reason, they rush to war when it is clearly wrong. The better portion of the soul is crushed, and trodden under foot, and the beastial rules the intellectual. The influence of these parades upon the character, is not unlike the influence of actual service. And what is the character of soldiers as a body? They are creatures of passion, unprincipled, ungovernable by the restraints of moral force. There are some exceptions to this rule, but such is the character of very many, the majority. It was the immorality of the soldiers, and the fear that their children would be contaminated by their manner, which was influential in no small degree, in driving our fathers from Holland to this country, then a waste howling wilderness. Smollett speaks of the gaols of England being filled with the soldiers who were dismissed from the army and navy, who too lazy to work, and too reckless to obey civil law, preyed upon the peace and property of the kingdom. Prescott in his unequalled History of the Life and Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, says, of a four years war, that its 'baneful effects were long visible, not only in the general devastation and distress of the country, but in the *moral disorganization* which the licentious and predatory habits of the soldiers NECESSARILY introduced among the simple peasantry.' [Vol. I. p. 173.] Not only is the moral character of the soldier injured by cherishing the war spirit, but the morals of others are 'necessarily' injured through them. Shall we then keep up military parades in every town in the Commonwealth to foster these passions and thus demoralize the community? Shall so much be expended as has been, *thirty thousand dollars annually*, to promote this '*moral disorganization*' of society? It will be time enough if such a state must be produced, to bear it when it comes by dire necessity, if such a necessity can exist. I appeal to the Christian, the members of our churches, if they find the parade day one of Christian improvement. Then why sustain them? Why pay men for keeping them up? Let Christians answer these questions to themselves.

I now will consider one radical objection to these parades. I have thus far spoken only of the reasons which are urged for their continuance. I wish to mention but one reason why they should be suspended. While these parades cherish the spirit of war, they make the spirit appear beautiful and attractive, which is false. A parade appears beautiful to children, young and old. The nodding plume, the glittering sword, the clear shrill voice of the trumpet, the flashing of the arms, bright and glistening, the prancing of horses, and the doubling beat of the drum, cast a glare and a halo around the scene, which blinds the eye to its true import. We should think it to be a wedding escort by the ringing of the music, and the gaiety of the dress; we should suppose their work was one of joy, of love, of pleasure. But what is it? By that music they march to kill! under that flag they go to take life! those polished weapons are to be dyed with blood! who would think that such was the horrible business that such parades are got up and sustained to promote? No one. The young do not think of anything but the music, the plume, the gay dress, and they love war because it comes to them with music, and beauty. Let our soldiers dress, if we must have parades, as their business demands that they should. Let them be dressed in black with a weed upon every hat, let them carry a flag with a skeleton drawn with blood upon it, let them march with muffled drums beating a dirge, let their bayonets and swords be dripping with blood, let them be followed by half as many hearses as men, and as many coffins as hearses, let them shoot each other till the coffins are filled, and then let them bury their dead, and return home with the same music. Such would be a fitting parade for such a purpose, and how long under such a regimen would the war spirit continue? I know some may think that I have overwrought this matter. But I do not think so. I quote from Dr Channing upon this subject as expressing my thoughts infinitely better than I can myself.

'I observe that men's sensibility to the evil of war has been very much blunted by the deceptive show, the costume, the splendor in which war is arrayed. Its horrors are hidden under its dazzling dress. In youth, the period which so often receives impressions for life, we cannot detect, in the heart-stirring fife and drum, the true music of war, the shriek of the newly wounded, or the faint moan of the dying. Arms glittering in the sunbeam do not remind us of bayonets dripping with blood. To one who reflects there is something shocking in these decorations of war. If men must fight let them wear the badges that become their craft. It would shock us to see a hangman dressed out in scarf and epaulettte, and marching with merry music to the place of punishment. The soldier has a sadder work than the hangman. His office is not to despatch occasionally a single criminal; he goes to the slaughter of thousands as free from crime as himself. The sword is worn as an ornament; and yet its use is to pierce the heart of a fellow creature. As well might the butcher parade before us with his knife, or the executioner with his axe or halter. Allow war to be necessary, still it is a horrible necessity. Shall it be turned into an occasion of pomp and merriment? To dash out men's brains, to stab to the heart, to cover the body with gashes, to lop off limbs, to crush men under the hoofs of the war-horse, to destroy husbands and fathers, to make widows and orphans * * * to attire men for this work with fantastic trappings, to surround this fearful occupation with all the circumstances of gaiety and pomp, seems as barbarous, as it would be to deck a gallows, or to make a stage for dancing beneath the scaffold. * * * It is time, that his [the soldier's] dazzling finery were gone, that it no longer corrupted the young, that it no longer threw a pernicious glare over his vocation.'

To this we repeat a hearty Amen. Let this deceptive finery be gone. If it is determined to have military parades through the state, let the uniform be adapted to correspond to the work, let every body as well as the soldiers

dress in mourning on such occasions as indicative of the dreadful purpose of such parades. We pray for consistency in the thing; let not the youth be ensnared through gay dress, and gay music; that the end is not death do not permit them to believe, by causing it to appear as if it were mere *merry* making. No; let us at least be consistent. But we hope such parades will not be sustained, we hope the state will offer no bounty for such harlequinades. We protest against them in the name of good morals; of mere self-interest; we protest against them in the name of virtue, of humanity, of religion. COMMON SENSE.

For the Register and Observer.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF DR CHARLES FOLLEN.

The recent destruction of the steamboat Lexington has thrown a gloom over our city which will not soon pass away and though the lapse of time will gradually erase from the public mind the impression which is now so melancholy and so deep, the bitter remembrance will never depart from the hearts of those who were bound to the victims of that fatal night, by ties of blood and kindred. The widowed wife, the fatherless child, the bereaved father, mother, brother and sister, will go mourning to the end of their days; and to their eyes, a light has vanished from the earth, which will never return. And in this respect, the grief of all is equally deep and equally sacred, uninfluenced by the social position, the occupation or the intellectual rank of the several sufferers. But among that devoted company there were some, whose death is to be regarded as a public loss, who were fruitful sources of good influences to the community and whose removal has left a chasm which we cannot hope to see readily filled. Such was pre-eminently the case with Dr Follen, a man whose singular excellence of character was deeply felt by those who knew him in life, and entitles his memory to be held in reverential respect, now that we are to see his face no more.

He was a native of Hesse Darmstadt in Germany, but for the last fifteen years had been a resident of Boston and its vicinity, and during that period, among a people slow to admit foreigners into their confidence, had acquired the warm affection of a large circle of friends and the esteem and respect of all who approached him. No one could know him well without loving him; no one could know him at all without respecting him; to have overlooked or been indifferent to, his extraordinary merits would have argued an insensibility to the charm of goodness and the beauty of virtue. His character presented an assemblage of various excellencies not often united in one individual, and was equally remarkable for its high, noble and heroic traits and for its winning and attractive ones. The motives which governed his conduct were of the most elevated kind and his aims in life were equally exalted. His disinterestedness was without the slightest alloy of selfishness or self-seeking. His loyalty to truth and principle was of the most fervent and enduring kind. He was not to be seduced, shaken or terrified. He was, indeed, a hero of the noblest stamp, and fear was a weakness wholly unknown to him. In his early youth he fought in the armies of his native country, and contributed, so far as one brave heart and stout arm could do, to the deliverance of Germany from the iron rule of Napoleon, and at any period of his life, he would have opposed a collected world in arms, in defence of the truth. Had he been called upon to seal his devotion to his principles by his blood, he would have gone to the stake with as serene a countenance and as resolute a spirit as any of the noble army of martyrs on record. This inflexible courage was without any infusion of harshness or austerity. On the contrary, his nature was as remarkable for its gentleness and sweetness as for its fearlessness. He was full of the charity 'which suffereth long and is kind.' He was firm in his own views, but tolerant of those of others. 'He had a face like a benediction,' and the charm of his smile will never pass from the memory of his friends. This spirit of love, for which he was so conspicuous, secured him the warm attachment even of those who differed from him essentially in some of his opinions, and these were not a few. He was far less of a conservative in his politics than most of those with whom he associated. His ardor in the cause of the slave was not shared by all his friends. But no one loved him the less because he differed from him. No one could be in his society without having his prejudices removed and his hostility disarmed by the attraction of his benevolent countenance and his mild voice. He was never harsh, severe or denunciatory. He was gently considerate of the feeling of others. He listened with patience and answered with calmness. No one ever saw his temper ruffled in the slightest degree, and his 'soft answers' turned away the wrath that might have entered his antagonist's breast. Thus the toleration which he extended to others was accorded to himself.

His sympathies were of the widest and most active kind, and his benevolence extended itself to the whole family of mankind. Though warmly attached to his friends he did not think that his affections were to end with them, but that every brother of the human race had a claim upon him. He felt himself drawn with peculiar force to the poor, the despised, the forsaken and the down-trodden. Through the coarseness of ignorance, the repulsiveness of poverty and the defilements of sin, he recognized the image of God. Regarding slavery as the most cruel wrong to the mind and soul of man, he considered it the duty of every one to aid in bringing about its abolition, and to this cause he devoted much of his time and thoughts, and his ardor of purpose and gentleness of spirit gave great value and efficiency to his efforts in this behalf. He was peculiarly qualified for the office of a moral reformer. His benevolence, and philanthropy were combined with a calm temperament, a healthy organization of body and a sound judgment, so that his energy never degenerated into extravagance nor his zeal into fanaticism.

He was unaffectedly and thoroughly a religious man. His religion mingled itself with every exercise of his understanding and every affection of his heart. He had that humility which is the crowning excellence of the religious character. He was always remarkable for his cheerful faith and his unfaltering trust. In many respects he was tried, and he was often called upon to exercise the virtue of submission. He was exiled from his native country in the flower of his age, and forced to begin life anew in a strange land. He had not much of what the world calls success. Wealth was not his, nor a conspicuous social position. His future was sometimes dark and the hearts of his friends were anxious on his account. He was not popular as a preacher or lecturer. An excellent course of lectures on the history of Switzerland recently prepared by him, in particular, was delivered but to a handful of people. But he was never cast down and his heart never sunk. Nor did he murmur, or complain that he was not fairly treated and that he was entitled to a higher prize in the lottery of life. His thoughts never dwelt upon himself or his own claims. No one ever saw him anxious or disturbed about his prospects. His beautiful nature never contracted the rust of worldly cares. He lived in an atmosphere too elevated for those earthborn anxieties which many good men find to exert so unfavorable an influence upon their peace and their progress.

He was a man of the purest and strongest domestic affections, and in the exercise of these he found the chief happiness of his life. He had the highest respect for those virtues, whose seat is the household hearth and which spring from the relations of husband and wife, father and child; and his daily conduct presented the most beautiful exemplification of them. His home was the seat of taste, cultivation, refinement and religious feeling, and they who have not enjoyed the privilege of entering his domestic circle, have not seen him in his most winning and attractive aspect.

Dr Follen's moral goodness and force of character were united with intellectual powers of a high order. His mind was at once discriminating and creative. He had a large share of that power of reasoning, judging and reflecting which makes the philosopher and no small portion of the imaginative faculty of the poet. He was sensitive to beauty in all its forms, and his illustrations were drawn from a wide field of observation and thought. He was a patient inquirer and thorough investigator; traits characteristic of his countrymen generally. The predominant inclination of his mind was to psychological subjects and had his life been spared, the result of his researches and reflections would probably have been given to the public in the form of a treatise upon some branch of metaphysical or ethical inquiry. He had obtained a knowledge of the English language and a command of its resources, most remarkable in a foreigner. His writings are not only entirely correct and free from foreign idioms, but may be recommended as specimens of an excellent English style. And what is more remarkable still, he was a most fluent and correct extemporaneous speaker in his adopted language; and the fervor and beauty of his devotional exercises will never be forgotten by those who have heard them.

Though the death of so finished a man, in the very prime of life, with many years of vigorous and useful action apparently before him, is to be deplored as a most serious loss to the community and an irreparable one to those immediately connected with him, yet we are not to mourn as those without hope. From a mind and character like his, are derived the most vivid assurances of immortality. That cheering and guiding light, though seen no more on earth, is not extinguished and swallowed up in darkness. Those rich and matured capacities have been but transferred to an ampler field of action, waving with more abundant harvests of opportunity. To have lived and conversed with such a man is a thing to be grateful to God for. Though dead he yet speaks in tones that elevate, purify and inspire; calling upon us to be like him, faithful to the end; to love man as heartily and serve God as faithfully.

For the Register and Observer.

IS THE MINISTRY TO THE POOR NEGLECTED?

Mr Editor,—I was equally surprised with your correspondent of last week at the statement of Rev. Dr Channing in the Charge, prepared for the Ordination of Mr Waterston, that the Ministry at Large excited but little interest in our churches. The author was but imperfectly acquainted with the history of this Ministry; or he would not have expressed an opinion, so much at variance with the statistics of the case, and with the sentiment of the community.

The simple fact, stated in the last Register, that between fifty and sixty thousand dollars had been bestowed upon this object, for the erection of Chapels and the support of the Ministry, is evidence, full and decisive, that there has been no want of affection to this cause.

But other proofs are not wanting, with which it is but reasonable that they who pronounce judgment in such matters should acquaint themselves.

Soon after the commencement of Dr Tuckerman's ministry in this city, in 1827, a society or 'Sewing Circle' of Ladies was formed for charitable purposes; and the proceeds of their ingenious industry, which now, in a period exceeding twelve years, have amounted to more than four thousand dollars, have been devoted, for the most part, to the supply of the charity purse of the Ministry to the Poor. From this source Dr Tuckerman and his colleagues have received essential aid in their works of charity. Not less than three hundred dollars has annually been devoted to this excellent object. So that in the course of the whole period at least thirty six hundred have been thus bestowed.

Nor is this all the evidence that might be adduced. Many liberal donations by individuals, to meet emergencies, to supply pressing and unexpected wants, might, were it proper, be mentioned. From their nature they could not find a place in the statistics of the Fraternity. They were bestowed by individuals, who do not publish their good deeds. But we have means of knowing, that these donations were not infrequent, neither was the amount small. At the least, they may be taken as collateral evidence—by the side of the Chapels erected and the Ministry sustained—that neither our churches nor our community have been wanting in patronage to the Ministry at Large. In truth, I know few charities in the city that have commanded more.

A MEMBER OF THE FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

For the Register and Observer.

Observing a call in a late number of the Register, for some account of the Congregational church in West Bridgewater, I send you the following, which is at your disposal.

This church was gathered some time between the year 1651, and 1663. Mr James Keith, their first pastor, was settled Feb. 18th, A. D., 1663, but little however is known of the particulars of his ministry, as the records have been lost; it embraced until 1717, what is now included in the four Bridgewaters. In that year, i. e., 1717, a house for worship was erected in the south part of the town, now Bridgewater, and a portion of the people amicably withdrew, and their descendants now form the church and society under the pastoral care of Rev. T. P. Doggett.

I have before me a sermon delivered by Mr Keith, on the dedication of that house, preached on the 14th of June, A. D., 1717, two years before his death. Some of the closing remarks in this sermon, to that portion of his people, who were about to leave him, may be worthy of notice. 'Be persuaded,' says he, 'to suffer this word of exhortation which is given you from the Lord, by your aged pastor, who has served you now in the gospel full *fifty four years*, and I hope by the grace of God, in some measure of sincerity, though attended with much weakness, great infirmities, and manifold temptations.' Two silver cups, which now form a part of the communion service, were presented by Deacon Samuel Edson, whose tombstone informs us, died A. D., 1692. This sermon, these cups, and a chair used by the venerable Keith in his study, are almost the only mementos of the early history of this church and their first pastor. He died A. D., 1719, having ministered to this people *fifty six years*. The society were then destitute of a settled pastor about two years, when Mr Daniel Perkins was ordained in 1721, and continued in the pastoral charge alone until A. D., 1780, when Mr John Reed was ordained as colleague to sustain the trembling hands, and assist the sinking spirits of his venerable associate, who died, A. D., 1728, having held the ministerial office nearly *sixty two years*. Rev. John Reed, D. D., continued pastor of the church and society until A. D., 1831, a period of fifty years, when he was gathered to the sleep of his fathers. The united period of their ministerial labors is 56+62+50 =168 years, and the period from the ordination of Mr Keith, 1663, to the death of Dr Reed, 1831, is 168 years—an average ministration of 56 years by three successive ministers. The present pastor was ordained A. D., 1834.

R. S.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1840.

INDIA.

The following passages from a letter written by a native Indian to a gentleman at the time residing in London, but now in this vicinity, we think, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers. It will be seen there are natives who are capable of thinking seriously about the relief and improvement of their country. The society mentioned is one that was formed in London in the beginning of 1839, to diffuse information respecting the ruinous system of government pursued in India.

'You have no doubt heard of the proposed establishment of a Pautsaulah or vernacular school in connection with the Hindoo College on an extended scale and to be conducted on improved principles. I hear that Ram Chunder Surmah, who was formerly the law Pundit of the Government Sanscrit College, and who was most unjustly dismissed, is to be the head teacher of this Institution. An elegant house for this purpose is now being built by Moodusodun Roy, a native architect of some note. A subscription confined entirely to natives has been set on foot to raise a fund for defraying the expenses of the building which will cost about 8000 Rs. Its site is on the north east of the Hindoo College opposite to the house in which the late Dr John Tytler used to live. The ground was originally purchased by the Committee of the Evangelical Fund, for the purpose of building a church and house for the Rev. Krisna Mohona Baneryea. But the proximity of such an institution to the Hindoo College was looked upon with jealousy by the College Committee, and after much correspondence the projectors of the church yielded to the Committee and accepted in exchange a piece of land in Cornwallis Square, where the church and house are now completed. The most active promoter of the Pautsaulah is Mr Hare, who has really done more for India, than all the members of the Education Committee put together. He has been seconded in his zeal by Baboo Prosono Coomar Tagore and by other native managers of the College. The Bengallee *Shadhu Bhasha* (i. e. the pure vernacular Bengallee) is to be the medium of instruction. The boys of the College may avail themselves (and doubtless many will) of the opportunity of learning good Bengallee in the school. A complete set of vernacular school books, including readers, arithmetic, epistolary composition, geography, &c., are now being prepared. They are to be on the same plan as the English school books used in the Government schools. It is also in contemplation to teach the higher classes Hindoo and Mahomedan Laws and the Company's Regulations in Bengallee. Brief Treatises of History, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, are also to be prepared. And the practice of composing in Bengallee will be attended to. If you should wish to see these books I think I will be able to send you a copy of each, when they are printed and published. On the 14th June last, Mr David Hare laid the foundation stone of the building here alluded to, in the midst of a large concourse of natives and Europeans. Among the latter were present several members of the Education Committee with Sir Edward Ryan at their head. You may have already heard with some degree of surprise, that on this occasion Sir Edward spoke with great warmth in behalf of this Institution. After the practical indifferernce shown by himself and his colleagues to vernacular education, it did not seem to me very consistent in them to aver that the object for which they have been striving for years is the education of the people through their own tongue, and that the better education of a few in English was only a preparatory measure, so that those who in this manner acquire the science and literature of the west, would hereafter communicate their knowledge to the mass of the people in their own language. If Mr Trevelyan had been here he would I fancy have protested against this opinion.

Such is the activity of the members of the Education Committee, that its annual Report of 1837, has only been lately published. I have sent this Report per 'Santon' Capt. Huxtable, to my friend Mr Anderson, who will probably hand it to you after perusal. Mr H. T. Prinsep's slap at his fellow members, at the conclusion of the Report, with reference to vernacular education, will amuse you. The appendix, which concerns the Medical College, is by far the most interesting portion of the pamphlet. The secondary school of Medicine, herein referred to, is about to be established. What is your opinion of the proposal of the Medical College Council, to send half a dozen of their best youths to England, to finish their medical education, and come out to India after having obtained diplomas. In my humble opinion I do not think the importance of the object justifies the great expense it would entail. I am disposed to think that the proposers in their enthusiasm, have drawn an overwrought picture of the benefits that will attend their plan. The fondest anticipations of the friends of the Medical College, have been realized in the success which has attended this noble Institution. Since the four students, who passed a successful examination in November last, four or five others have undergone with equal credit similar examinations. Of those who have accepted of Government employments, there is one at Delhi, another at Agra, and a third at Allahabad. Another is about to be sent up to the tea cultivations at Assam, and three or four more will probably be soon engaged by Government. They get 100 Rs. monthly to begin with, and are also permitted to practice. This I think is a fair beginning and the students seem to be tolerably contented.

You will be gratified to learn that the demand for Bengallee newspapers is on the increase among the native community. And the most striking proof of this, is the establishment of two daily papers, said to enjoy a circulation of 800 copies. The last was issued on the first of *Assar* corresponding with the 14th June last, and is edited by Ishur Chunder Gupto, who has been long known in Calcutta for his brilliant wit and pungent satire. The former is conducted by Odhoy Chand Addy, who was brought to your notice just before your departure.

The Society which you visited before your departure, called 'the Society for the Acquisition of General Knowledge' is going on in a very satisfactory manner. We have not yet felt the want of discourses at its monthly meetings. We have had a few Bengallee Essays read, and some of them of considerable merit. On the whole however, the papers both Bengallee and English, are but crude and wanting in originality. They are such as you might expect from what you know of the rising generation. But such as they are, I shall send you a copy of the discourses if they should be printed in a collected form as it is proposed to be done.

You may have already heard of the formation of a public Library, from Mr William Speir, to whom kindly give my most respectful compliments. This little institution is in a prosperous state.

Sometime ago I was honored with the present of a book from America, for which I am indebted to you. The author is Mr W. H. Furness, and the book is entitled 'Jesus and his Biographers.' I regret I have not yet had time to read it, and I confess I am not partial to peruse such works. To judge properly of the claims that Christianity has upon us, we must in the first place read carefully and diligently the Bible itself. And until this is done, I would eschew the perusal of books, whether they be written for or against Christianity. But in the present instance, I must look into the book sufficiently to enable me to say something about it in acknowledging its receipt to the author, who has honored me by writing on the envelope, 'with the friendly wishes of the author.'

I have this evening sent a copy of the prospectus of your Society, to Mr Marshman, who will probably publish it in the next number of the 'Friend of India.' I intend to have it translated into Bengallee, and will then endeavor to circulate it amongst the native community as extensively as I can. I do not anticipate that much good will result from this. But at least an endeavor ought to be made to apprize the natives that there are hearts in a far foreign land, that can feel and sympathise with our distressed condition.

I must now close my long letter, which I wish I had the ability to make worthy of your perusal. I believe I am not wanting in the desire to make myself useful, but I am sadly deficient in perseverance. And unless I become better informed and more industrious, I am afraid you will have to give me up as an unworthy and illiterate correspondent.

With the sincerest and most grateful thanks to the founders and supporters of the 'British India Society,' and the most ardent wishes for its success, believe me to remain,

My dear Sir, with great respect,
Yours sincerely,
RAM GOPAUL GHOSE.

THE WEST.

Many of our readers will recollect the account given some weeks since, of Mr Clark's excursion to Hanover College and its results. It seems, president MacMaster was not satisfied with his statement and remarks in regard to the matter, and has replied to them. The learned gentleman has fallen into the hands of one who will treat him in the manner most appropriate and impressive. Such declaimers can do much to promote the spread of liberal and enlightened Christianity. The wrath and bigotry of man have ever been made to advance the praise and glory of God—the simple and sublime truth as it is in Jesus.

The following rejoinder from Mr Clark will be read with great satisfaction and pleasure by his friends.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal.

Gentlemen,—A few days since I observed in the Presbyterian Herald, two more letters from President Mac Master, about the Hanover affair. One of them is that which you declined publishing, in which he attempts to sustain his assertion that the whole Christian community regards Unitarianism as Infidelity, and that therefore he was justified in refusing me leave to speak at Hanover. The President writes in a flippant manner, and attempts to be sarcastic on me and my previous answer. I took care in that to refrain from every harsh and offensive expression, and confined myself to argument and a simple statement of facts. But Solomon assures us that if a man be wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him. Such an one will ascribe all forbearance to pusillanimity, and gladly seize the opportunity of reviling those who revile not again. As far as I am personally concerned, I am quite indifferent to these attacks, and would let them pass unnoticed; but the situation which I occupy requires that I should expose the falseness of the charges brought against my faith. Having in vain sought permission from the editor of the Herald to reply in his paper, I must ask leave to say a few more words through your Journal. As Mr MacMaster complains of what he calls the Salmagundy character of my former letter, I will for his benefit, be more methodical in this, and arranging what I have to say under distinct heads, I hope to make my meaning perfectly clear to him.

1. *Facts in the affair.*

Mr MacMaster says that the first object of his letter is to show, that I do not deny the facts of the affair as stated by him. What are these facts on which he lays so much stress? First, 'that the appointment of Mr C. was made by undergraduates, without the consent or knowledge of any member of the Faculty.' Very true. And is it the custom for the students' societies in *any* college to ask the faculty whom they shall select to address them on their anniversaries? Does the faculty claim the right of dictating on these occasions? When the students *unanimously* select a speaker, and he has come to the place at their invitation, may the faculty send him back because their advice was not first asked? If not, what is this fact worth, and why is it brought forward? President M.'s second fact is, that the appointment 'was made at the instance of a personal friend and parishioner of Mr C. in Louisville, and was not spontaneous on the part of the students.' An appointment made at all, is usually made at the suggestion of *some* one, and the person suggesting it is more likely to be a friend than an enemy of the person nominated. That a person should be nominated by a friend is not therefore such an extraordinary circumstance as Mr MacMaster seems to think. If a person is not justly elected to any office who was nominated by a friend, I fear that President MacMaster himself was not justly chosen President of Hanover College, for I understand that he was nominated to that office by his friend Mr Matthews. Or if Mr MacMaster thinks that Mr Butler was disqualified for making a suggestion to these societies, because he resided in Louisville, I will only say that he was a founder of *one* of them, an honorary member of *all* at the time he made the suggestion, and had in his possession a note from the Whig society, which said '*any* suggestion or advice you may *at any time* think proper to give, will be thankfully received.' President MacMaster's third fact is 'that the letter of notice, as Mr C. states, arrived at Louisville, (Mr C. does not say *was received by him*) only on the morning of his departure for Hanover.' This fact is undeniably correct.—Whatever impropriety there may be in accepting an invitation to speak on the very day the notice is given, of that impropriety I am certainly guilty. The President has also ingeniously detected that though the letter came to Louisville, it was not received by me. For inasmuch as another letter was sent from Hanover by a private conveyance, to inform me that the official notice was on its way, which letter I received and read, I did not wait for the official document, but it remained in the Louisville post office till I returned. Let President MacMaster have all the credit which he deserves for making these important discoveries.

2. *Mr MacMaster's Defence.*

President MacMaster says that the second object of his letter was 'to show that what I had asserted and Mr C. had denied, namely that the Christian community regards and treats Socinianism as infidelity, is not untrue, but true.' How does he attempt to show this? First, by asking 'Is there *one* Trinitarian Church of any denomination, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, &c., *In Mr C's. own city*, that will recognize *his* church as a Christian church, and hold fellowship with it as such?' His argument appears to be that if churches of other denominations do not fellowship with ours, they necessarily regard us as Infidels. But the same argument would show that the *Baptists* regard all other sects as Infidels, for they will not admit any unimmersed person to their sacrament, nor hold fellowship with them in that peculiar rite of Christian communion. Is President MacMaster prepared to assert that the Baptists regard the Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians as Infidels? Again, the Episcopalians will not permit any persons, not ordained by a bishop, to preach in their pulpits, asserting that they are not authorised ministers of Christ. Does President MacMaster conclude that this is equivalent to calling them public propagators of Infidelity? Let us pass to his second proof. 'It is perfectly notorious, that the difference between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism is acknowledged on all hands to be a difference *toto cœlo*; so that, if Unitarianism be true, then Trinitarianism is idolatry and superstition worse than Pagan; and if Trinitarianism be true, then Unitarianism is essentially a rejection of the whole substance of the Gospel.' To prove this, he quotes passages from Dr Channing's writings, where he speaks strongly of the unreasonableness of the doctrine of the Trinity, and a passage from the Boston Recorder which declares the difference between Unitarian and Trinitarian views to be very great. This proves no doubt, that Trinitarians and Unitarians mutually believe each other in great error, but by no means proves that they regard each other as Infidels. Dr Channing no where makes such an assertion with respect to Trinitarians, nor does the Boston Recorder in the passage quoted, declare that Unitarians are Infidels. Cannot President MacMaster see the difference between misunderstanding the *doctrines* of the Gospel, and denying its authority; between error as to the contents of revelation and a rejection of revelation itself? Infidelity is a word which has a distinct and generally understood meaning. An Infidel is one who rejects altogether the inspiration of the Scriptures and the authority of Christ. Unitarians acknowledge both. You may think their opinions as *bad* as Infidelity, or *worse* than Infidelity, or as *leading* to Infidelity, but you have no right to say that they are Infidels. If you do the first you are only in error; but if the other, you bear false witness. I think I can make this distinction clear even to Mr Mac Master. Since God tells us that without charity we are nothing, and that if a man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his, and since I see no evidence either of charity or Christian spirit in Mr MacMaster's conduct or writings, I might consider him quite as bad as an Infidel, and as to belonging to that class of wicked servants. But if I thought so, I ought not to call him an Infidel, for that would convey a wrong idea, for I should not believe that he rejected the authority of Christ, but merely that he disobeyed his commands, not that he was an Infidel by profession, but only by practice. In the same way, he may call our opinions *as bad* as Infidelity if he thinks so, but he has no right to say that we are Infidels, as long as we confess that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God.

The passage quoted from the Boston Recorder says, 'There is an essential *absurdity* in the idea of any real communion between persons so widely differing as the Liberal,' (the Unitarians,) and the Evangelical, (the Orthodox Congregationalists.)' After speaking of the nature of this difference it concludes with the following very strong passage. ☞ '*Every Evangelical church believes, that Unitarianism is another Gospel, even a total subversion of the faith once delivered to the Saints.*' ☜

This extract certainly shows that its writer believes the two systems to be very different. But President M. forgot to inform his readers on what occasion this was written—that it was a discussion carried on in this Trinitarian paper as to the propriety of communing and holding fellowship with Unitarians. He quoted the opinion of one *opposed* to it, but he omitted to quote from those who were in favor of it. This very passage therefore contains a confutation of his whole argument. To prove that 'all Trinitarians treat Unitarians as Infidels, he quoted from a discussion wherein one side assumed that Unitarianism was not necessarily Infidelity, and that they *could* have fellowship with it. The fact that a discussion is going on among Trinitarians concerning the propriety of holding fellowship with Unitarians proves very conclusively that 'all Trinitarians' do not refuse to fellowship with us. I am obliged to Mr M. for this argument.

It is true that this particular writer in the passage which President M. has triumphantly italicised and paragraphed, calls Unitarianism 'another gospel.' And this might move us, did we not know that Trinitarians, in their controversies among themselves, have from time immemorial accused each other of holding 'another gospel.' I will here only quote what has been said by those in the *same* church of each other's opinions. The Presbyterian church, to which President M. belongs, has been divided into two large parties, called the Old and New School. I shall show that these two parties have said as severe things of each other as were ever said of Unitarians. In 1835, Dr Wilson of Cincinnati accused Dr Beecher before the Presbytery of slander, and of belying the whole church of God by giving the following account of Old School Theology. 'Those congregations and regions over which natural impotency and dependance, and the impenitent use of means, and waiting God's time, have disclosed their tendencies, have remained like Egypt, dark beside the land of Goshen, and like the mountain of Gilliad on which there was no man, nor fields of offering, and like the valley of visions, dry, very dry.' (Beecher's trial, p. 5.) Again, 'No other obstruction to the success of the gospel is there so great, as the possession of the public mind with the belief of the natural and absolute inability of unconverted men. It has done more, I verily believe, to wrap in sackcloth the sun of righteousness, than all beside. I cannot anticipate a greater calamity to the church than would follow its universal inculcation and adoption.' Whatever bad things Dr B. might wish to say of our opinions, I do not see how he can go beyond the superlatives he has here used about old-fashioned Calvinism. Unitarianism may be very dark and barren and dry, but can hardly be darker than Egypt, or more barren than Gilliad, or drier than the valley of vision. It may offer obstruction to the gospel, but '*no other obstruction is so great* as the belief of natural or absolute inability.' It may darken the Heavens; 'but this doctrine,' says Dr Beecher, '*has done more* to wrap in sackcloth the sun of righteousness *than all beside.*' Its universal reception might be an evil, but he 'cannot anticipate a greater calamity than would follow the universal inculcation and adoption' of Dr Wilson's favorite theories.

That Dr Beecher was not the only man in the Presbyterian church who took this view of unimproved Calvinism, may appear by a few extracts from the sermon of Mr Finney.

'No greater obstacle could be presented to the reception of the gospel than these three dogmas, physical depravity, consequent inability, and constitutional regeneration.' 'Is this the gospel of the blessed God? Impossible! It is a libel on Almighty God!' 'Universalism is another logical and irresistable inference from these dogmas.' 'Again, these traditions have a manifest tendency to conduct a thinking mind into the regions of Infidelity.' 'These dogmas are calculated to produce, and often have produced, the most high-handed and dreadful rebellion against Almighty God.' 'What is more calculated to quiet a man in his sins than the idea of irresistable grace in regeneration? I cannot conceive of a sentiment more directly calculated to break the power of the gospel, to strengthen the sinner's hands in his rebellion and settle him quietly down upon his lees until he sink to the depths of hell.' And so on, through ten pages (Finney's Sermons, Traditions of the Elders.)

'If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? If new school divines speak thus of the old, in what language shall these last respond? I will only quote a single example, and that shall be from Dr Wilson's speech concerning Dr Beecher's theology, because it was a deliberate prepared statement made in the presence of Dr Beecher himself. 'Now we say that this is *another gospel;* that it is not the system of truth revealed in the scriptures; and I am here prepared to say, as the apostle did, that if any man preach another gospel, let him be anathema.' 'And let me tell you now, that with this system *there can be no compromise.* Things which are *so utterly contradictory* never can be made to coalesce. The old and new divinity are now engaged in an arduous and desperate struggle. *It is like the contest of fire and water.* The confession of faith must go down; or the new theology must be put out of doors.' [Beecher's trial, p. 31.)

3. *President MacMaster's conduct at Hanover.*

And now, having shown that President M. has either proved nothing or proved that portions of the Christian community regard and treat as infidelity both infant Baptism, Presbyterian ordination, New School Theology and Old School Theology; I will say a word, in conclusion, of President M's conduct at Hanover. That a man must not be permitted to speak on *any* subject because he is a heretic in Theology is a principle sufficiently illiberal in itself—but its application at Hanover was rendered more improper by its inconsistency with their published principles and former usages. The Herald containing the President's letter has also an advertisement of Hanover College, in which it claims the patronage of the public for the following reasons. 'It is the aim of the faculty to govern the Institution, not by minute regulations enforced by a system of espionage and coercion, which provoke transgression and injure character, but by bringing the influence of moral and religious principles to bear upon the students, *thus throwing them as far as practicable on their own responsibilities, and inducing them to govern themselves.*' How far are students induced to govern themselves, who are not allowed to select an orator without consulting the faculty? How far are they thrown on their own responsibilities who are commanded not to listen to a man whom their faculty believes a heretic? Or will President M. say that *on this point alone* the Faculty are accustomed to control them? How was it then, that the distinguished Swedenborgian *preacher*, Kinment was permitted to address these very societies? The New Church departs at least as widely from popular theology as we; for, besides its peculiar opinions, it denies the Athanasian Trinity, and holds precisely the view of atonement taken by Unitarians, 'that Christ died, not to reconcile one attribute of God to another, but only to reconcile the world to God—that the atonement is a manifestation, not of divine wrath, but of the divine love.' Perhaps President M. may seek an outlet from these inconsistencies by asserting that the students were *not* coerced, but assented to my exclusion. Whether this is so, may be seen by the following extract from a letter written to me after my return by a committee of the three societies: 'Whilst we have full confidence in the purity of our President's motive, we unhesitatingly express our disapprobation of the course he adopted; but however strong may be our disapprobation, however deeply we may be impressed with its injustice, we are compelled to submit or leave the Institution.' This is the way in which the students at Hanover are *thrown on their own responsibilities and taught to govern themselves.*

In the course of his letter, President M. gives me a *quasi* challenge to a public discussion of the points at issue between us. He leaves himself, however, an opportunity to escape by that usual artifice of cautious chivalry, namely, doubting whether his antagonist be worthy of his prowess. But if he really means to challenge me, I accept it, and will discuss with him, not whether Unitarianism be Infidelity, but the more profitable question, 'is the doctrine of the Trinity taught in the Bible?' The time for this discussion may be any period within the next three months; the manner, oral; the place, either Hanover, where he resides, or Louisville, where I reside. I will make but one condition, that if he finds it necessary to use any indecent language, he will, as in the beginning of his last letter, hide it under a Latin dress.

Yours, with regard.
JAMES F. CLARKE.

MR WINTHROP'S ADDRESS before the New England Society, in the city of New York, Dec. 22d, 1839.

[*Concluded.*]

The following contrast between the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth is fine. What historic fact more clearly demonstrates the truth, that it is righteousness and that alone, that can exalt a people? *It* is the source of all real prosperity, success, power and greatness. It can do what the favor, patronage and arms of monarchs cannot do—it can open springs in the desert and make the wilderness blossom. *It can do all things.* One righteous, noble, devoted heart can confer greater benefits on a people than all unsanctified learning, genius and eloquence. It can avail more to save, regenerate and exalt.

'But, with the single exception that both emigrated from England, the Colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth had nothing in common, and to all outward appearances, the former enjoyed every advantage. The two Companies, as it happened, though so long an interval elapsed between their reaching America, left their native land within about a year of each other; but under what widely different circumstances did they embark! The former set sail from the port of the Metropolis, in a squadron of three vessels, under an experienced Commander, under the patronage of a wealthy and powerful Corporation, and with an ample patent from the Crown. The latter betook themselves to their solitary bark, by stealth, under cover of the night, and from a bleak and desert heath in Lincolnshire, while a band of armed horsemen, rushing down upon them before the embarkation was completed, made prisoners of all who were not already on board, and condemned husbands and wives, and parents and children, to a cruel and almost hopeless separation.

Nor did their respective arrivals on the American shores, though divided by a period of thirteen years, present a less signal contrast. The Virginia Colony entered the harbor of Jamestown about the middle of May, and never could that lovely Queen of Spring have seemed lovelier, than when she put on her flowery kirtle and her wreath of clusters, to welcome those admiring strangers to the enjoyment of her luxuriant vegetation. There were no Mayflowers for the Pilgrims, save the name, written, as in mockery, on the stern of their treacherous ship. They entered the harbor of Plymouth on the shortest day in the year, in this last quarter of December,—and when could the rigid Winter-King have looked more repulsive, than when, shrouded with snow and crowned with ice, he admitted those shivering wanderers within the realms of his dreary dominion?

But mark the sequel. From a soil teeming with every variety of production for food, for fragrance, for beauty, for profit, the Jamestown Colonists reaped only disappointment, discord, wretchedness. Having failed in the great object of their adventure—the discovery of gold—they soon grew weary of their condition, and within three years after their arrival are found on the point of abandoning the Country. Indeed, they are actually embarked, one and all, with this intent, and are already at the mouth of the River, when, falling in with new hands and fresh supplies which have been sent to their relief, they are induced to return once more to their deserted village.

But even up to the very year in which the Pilgrims landed, ten years after this renewal of their designs, they 'had hardly become settled in their minds,' had hardly abandoned the purpose of ultimately returning to England, and their condition may be illustrated by the fact, that in 1619 and again in 1621, cargoes of young women, (a commodity of which there was scarcely a sample in the whole plantation—and would to God, that all the traffic in human flesh on the Virginian Coast even at this early period had been as innocent in itself and

as beneficial in its results;) were sent out by the Corporation in London and sold to the planters for wives, at from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco apiece!

Nor was the political condition of the Jamestown Colony much in advance of its social state. The Charter, under which they came out, contained not a single element of popular liberty, and secured not a single right or franchise to those who lived under it. And, though a gleam of freedom seemed to dawn upon them in 1619, when they instituted a Colonial Assembly and introduced the Representative System for the first time into the New World, the precarious character of their popular institutions and the slender foundation of their popular liberties at a much later period, even as far down as 1671, may be understood from that extraordinary declaration of Sir William Berkely, then Governor of Virginia, to the Lords Commissioners:—'I thank God, there are no free schools nor printing—and I hope we shall not have these hundred years;—for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both.'

But how was it with the Pilgrims? From a soil of comparative barrenness, they gathered a rich harvest of contentment, harmony and happiness. Coming to it for no purpose of commerce or adventure, they found all that they sought—*religious freedom*—and that made the wilderness to them like Eden, and the desert as the garden of the Lord. Of quitting it, from the very hour of their arrival, they seem never once to have entertained, or even conceived, a thought. The first foot that leapt gently but fearlessly on Plymouth Rock was a pledge that there would be no retreating—tradition tells us, that it was the foot of Mary Chilton. They have brought their wives and their little ones with them, and what other assurance could they give that they have come to their *home*? And accordingly they proceed at once to invest it with all the attributes of home, and to make it a free and a happy home. The Compact of their own adoption under which they landed, remained the sole guide of their government for nine years, and though it was then superseded by a Charter from the Corporation within whose limits they had fallen, it was a Charter of a liberal and comprehensive character, and under its provisions they continued to lay broad and deep the foundations of Civil Freedom. The trial by jury was established by the Pilgrims within three years after their arrival, and constitutes the appropriate opening to the first chapter of their legislation. The education of their children, as we have seen, was one of their main motives for leaving Holland, and there is abundant evidence that it was among the earliest subjects of their attention—while the planters of Massachusetts, who need not be distinguished from the planters of Plymouth for any purposes of this comparison, founded the College at Cambridge in 1636,—set up a printing press at the same place in 1639,—which 'divulged,' in its first workings at least, nothing more libellous or heretical than a Psalm-book and an Almanac—and as early as 1647 had instituted, by an ever memorable Statute, that noble system of New England Free Schools, which constitutes at this moment the best security of Liberty, wherever Liberty exists, and its best hope, wherever it is still to be established.'

The last passage we give presents a view pregnant with matter for profound reflection. The first slave that set foot on our southern shores, cursed the soil, and mingled a dark and fearful element with its destinies.

'But the Virginia type was not complete when it first appeared on the coast of Jamestown, and I must not omit, before bringing these remarks to a conclusion, to allude to one other element of any just comparison between the two Colonies.—The year 1620 was unquestionably the great Epoch of American Destinies. Within its latter half were included the two events which have exercised incomparably the most controlling influence on the character and fortunes of our Country. At the very time the Mayflower, with its precious burden, was engaged in its perilous voyage to Plymouth, another ship, far otherwise laden, was approaching the harbor of Virginia. It was a Dutch man-of-war, and its cargo consisted in part of *twenty slaves*, which were subjected to sale on their arrival, and with which the foundations of domestic Slavery in North America were laid.

I see those two fate-freighted vessels, laboring under the divided destinies of the same Nation, and striving against the billows of the same sea, like the principles of good and evil advancing side by side on the same great ocean of human life. I hear from the one the sighs of wretchedness, the groans of despair, the curses and clankings of struggling captivity, sounding and swelling on the same gale, which bears only from the other the pleasant voices of prayer and praise, the cheerful melody of contentment and happiness, the glad, the glorious 'anthem of the free.' Oh, could some angel arm, like that which seems to guide and guard the Pilgrim bark, be now interposed to arrest, avert, dash down and overwhelm its accursed compeer! But it may not be. They have both reached in safety the place of their destination. Freedom and Slavery, in one and the same year, have landed on these American shores. And American Liberty, like the Victor of ancient Rome, is doomed, let us hope not for ever, to endure the presence of a fettered captive as a companion in her Car of Triumph!'

Dr Channing's Lectures.—Mr Ticknor has just published two Lectures by Rev. Dr Channing, 'on the elevation of the Laboring Portion of the Community.'

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Book of Enoch.—The American Biblical Repository for January contains an article by Prof. Stuart on the 'Christology of the Book of Enoch.

This Book we are told, was well known during the earliest ages of the Christian church, and stood among many in high repute. From the time of Jerome little was said concerning it till the eight century. Subsequently it was lost. Many inquiries were made for it—and made in vain by the curious. The book was long sought for—but could not be found in Europe. About half a century ago, it was found by James Bruce in Abyssinia, who brought three copies of it home with him. In the Abyssinia Ethiopic Scriptures it holds a place with the canonical books, and is arranged immediately before the book of Job.

Church in Texas.—Episcopalians at New-York have recently made efforts for the erection of a church at Matagordas, at the mouth of the Colorado in Texas. It appears that the sum of $2967 40 has already been collected for the purpose. This amount it is said will be enough to pay for the church, and put it on shipboard at New-York, where it is to be built. The amount of freightage and sufficient to set it up after it arrives in Texas, is still wanting. The zeal of those who have thus far interested themselves in their undertaking may be learnt, by the following parargaph from the Banner of the cross.

'If any of our friends or acquaintances,' or any of the members of the Church in the United States, feel interested and anxious to have the Church early, properly, and permanently founded in this young and growing republic, they are most earnestly requested to use their exertions in our behalf and whatever more may be raised for us will be most gratefully received by our young and interesting parish.'

The Bible.—An individual in England has recently left £32,000 ($146,520) to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and another individual, £20,000 ($88,900.) The Society has decided to print a cheap edition of the Bible, which may be sold at 40 cents a copy.

The Bible in Prussia.—The Chevalier Bunsen, at the late anniversary of the British Foreign Bible Society, stated that more than 165,000 copies of the New Testament have been distributed by the above named Society in the Prussian army within the last eight years He stated that the soldiers and officers in that army, are called upon, by solemn signal, at their guard post, to greet the dawn of day, and the approaching night, with silent prayer.

Oberlin Collegiate Institute.—The Watchman of the South says, that the Legislature of Ohio has instituted an inquiry into the expediency of repealing the charter of the Collegiate Institute.

The Greek Church in Russia.—In a Hamburg paper of September 20th, it is stated that 'the bishops of the Greek United Church—that is, not belonging to the Russian Church, but united in certain conditions with the Church of Rome—have petitioned the emperor to be admitted, with their flocks, into the Russian Greek Church. This petition has, of course, been granted; and between three and four millions of Russian subjects are thus withdrawn from the supremacy of the the court of Rome, and placed under the synod of St. Petersburg.

Dedication.—On the 29th inst. a meetinghouse recently erected in East-Stafford, was dedicated to the service of God.

Installation.—On the 29th instant Rev. Geo. H. Woodard was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church and Society in East-Stafford, Sermon by Rev. Bennet Tyler, D. D.

Board of Foreign Missions.—We quote the following from the Treasurer's statement of expenditures, for the year ending July 31, 1839, of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Expenditures.

West Africa,	$4,027
South Africa,	6,255
Greece,	5,—
Constantinople,	11,685
Asia Minor,	5,816
Syria and the Holy Land,	13,615
Nestorians and Mahometans of Persia,	9,866
Mahrattas,	17,893
Madras,	5,019
Madura,	18,445
Ceylon,	23,233
Siam,	11,997
China,	4,063
Singapore,	6,159
Borneo,	7,916
Sandwich Islands,	89,835
Indian Missions,	7,835
Expense of Agencies,	7,970
Travelling expenses of corporate members, to meeting, 1838,	158
General expenses, including salaries of officers, clerks, printing, miscellaneous and incidentals,	26,845
Total,	227,591
Balance of debt last year,	35,851
	263,342

Receipts.

Donations,	223,987
Legacies,	17,700
Interest on permanent fund,	1,602
On Ashley fund,	152
Avails of property at Osage and Mackinaw missions,	726
Total,	244,169
Balance of debt remaining,	19,173

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

A CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Died, Feb. 1. 1840, Mrs Henry K. Frothingham, aged 23.

It is wonderful that the humble Christian, enfeebled with disease, should possess power to disarm death of its terrors, and even to strew the dark passage of the Jordan with fadeless flowers. Yet so it is. The believer in immortality, with the eye of faith, looks through the dark vista to the bright realms beyond, in the full trust that in the spirit-land there shall be no sin nor suffering, and that there the pure in heart shall live on in an eternity of bliss.

Say not, there is no sustaining power in Faith. What else can part the golden chain that binds the soul to its earthly mansion, and make it long for an heavenly inheritance? What else can make youth in its morning freshness—youth surrounded with the choicest of earth's blessings, the social tie, connubial love, the budding joys of infancy—youth, its present hour joyous, its future floating before its vision with the brightest hues—what else can make youth, under such circumstances, resign them all without a token of regret, and fix its steady gaze on the heavenly gems of the new Jerusalem? Say not that Faith cannot sustain in trials' hour; for it smooths the pillow of disease, it softens the agony of death, it gives to frail mortality an immortal shield.

Such was the faith of her to whose memory these words are inscribed—one who was young, beautiful, happy, pure,—who but blossomed here, to bloom forever in eternity. Alas! that one whose heart was so filled with love to all; one so fitted to adorn the social circle with the attractive beauties of female excellence; one so amiable in disposition, so artless in manner, so lovely in life; one who clothed her beauty of person with the endearing beauty of holiness; that such an one should so soon have been called to the Heavenly Canaan! But let not a single repining murmur escape from those who mourn her departure; her morning and evening prayers ascended to heaven 'for a humble and patient submission to the divine will,' and heaven granted her request.

Let those who doubt the power of Faith in the dying hour, dwell upon this sublime picture, pencilled by the finger of God in colors joined in heaven. No momentary enthusiasm, no unwonted excitement, no delusion of a disordered imagination. All was calmness, resignation, trust. The pure spirit so soon ripe for the joys of immortality, reposed on the altar of infinite love as gently as the flower rests upon peaceful waters; it knew no fears, it breathed no doubts, it uttered no repinings. Her thoughts dwelt upon a brighter world—'she saw so much happiness there, that she could not help feeling a wish to enter upon its enjoyment;' and such thoughts were manna to her thirsting spirit. Her orisons to the great fountain of life asked 'for reason preserved until the last moment of existence;'—and even to the instant of her departure smiles upon her wasteden eeks showed the 'soul's calm sunshine,' and waving her hand in adieu, to surrounding affection, even after the tongue refused its office, she sweetly passed away. Yet she breathed a desire that she might 'go to her home,' amid the melody of singing birds and of budding flowers—'I almost wish sometimes, it was summer, that I might see the flowers, for when I see them, they always make me think of heaven, they are so beautiful.' But it may not be. The earthly mould that held the priceless spirit must mingle with its mother earth amid the roughness of winter's storms. But when her weeping friends had gathered around her bier—and the aged and the young, the beautiful, the gay and the thoughtless, were there, some kindred spirit placed upon the glass that covered her form, a rose in full bloom! Touching incident! How emblematical of the future! The flower, like the fairy form may moulder in the tomb,

Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid,
That goodness, Time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives where beauty dies.

For the Register and Observer.

Lines written on the death of Mrs Jane W. Gray, daughter of the late Dr Winslow, of Swansey, Mass.

When last we met, departed friend,
Fresh budding hopes were thine,
Thine was earth's rosy coronet,
The balmy eglantine;
The marriage vow, warm on thy lips,
And clasped within thine hand,
There glittered many a golden gem,
And love's pure pearly band.
Three times twelve moons their seasons brief,
Have not yet circled round,
Withered and sere that coronet,
Thou in the grave clothes bound;
The mother, daughter, wife, and friend,
Earth unto earth consigned,—
But all that we have loved still lives,
Changeless, immortal mind.
Garnered with kindred ones thy dust,
Beside thy silent bed,
Riseth the cold, white marble stone,
Telling of the loved dead.
The rose tree at thy brother's grave,
When summer shall return,
Will twine around thy lowly bed,
The dark, damp, chilly urn;
Morn's joyous bird carols as sweet,
The morn looks down as fair,
As when your tones with childhood friends,
Floated on heaven's pure air;
Ye sleep not there—soul-cheering thought!
In faith, the spirit's might,
Behold, ye bow at God's right hand,
Clad in the robes of white.
Thou know'st, Creator, Savi r, God!
Each broken, quivering string,
Be pleased to shield these stricken ones,
Beneath thy healing wing.
The little motherless protect,
That cherished infant son,
Should length of days be given him,
Guard him, Most Holy One.
Dear sainted one, on earth no more
We clasp that friendly hand,
Nor look upon that cheerful brow,
Nor wait those tones so bland.
Hope in the never-dying soul,
Even by God's behest,
Whispers, 'The pure shall meet again,'
In mansions of the blest.

Lynn, Feb. 14. MARTHA.

Died, in Boston, Mr Samuel Stickney Jr. of Beverly, aged 28 years.

Mr Stickney was esteemed and beloved by a numerous circle of friends. His kind, obliging disposition, his amiable temper, his firmness, and stability in a virtuous course, his diligence, industry and integrity, commanded the confidence of the young mechanics and all others with whom he was intimately associated.

His funeral was attended from the First Parish meeting house in Beverly on Wednesday the 15th instant—As a voluntary testimony of respect to the deceased the Musical Education Society, of which he was a leading member, to the number of sixty, of both sexes, came from Boston purposely to join with his relatives and the inhabitants of his native town in his funeral obsequies.

The services in the Meeting House consisted of a hymn composed for the occasion by one of this society, and sung by them, accompanied by the organ.

This was followed by a fervent and devout prayer, appropriate, chaste, and exceedingly well adapted to the occasion and the circumstances, by the Rev. Mr Thayer, and the service was concluded by singing the hymn beginning with

'Vital spark, of Heavenly flame.'

Obituary Notice.

From the National Intelligencer, published at Houston, Texas, Dec. 5, 1839.

'And again do we remember, with the host that death has taken from us, Dana Sherman and Abby his beloved consort. They sleep side by side; and parted not, 'they rest from their labors' in the vine-clad earth. To Mr Sherman we may apply the line of Pope:

'An honest man's the noblest work of God.

To his beloved and amiable companion, whose melancholy death gave to life the pledge of mutual love, to perpetuate its mother's name and virtues, we give the only offering that excellence may claim, a tear,—too sadly paid—too late acknowledged! May those who loved them more and knew them well mingle in the distance a like tribute, and know, though they sleep afar from 'childhood's home,' they do not sleep unwept, nor did they die, where consolation did not come, and watchfulness and care were not their own. Together they looked forward for the pleasures and joys of this transitory life:—their lonely vale, now desolate, will tell to the passing traveller, where sleep those who had come to the world's new theatre for tranquil joys, but called away ere the first leaves of their spring-time foliage had decked their sunny home.

Dana Sherman departed this life at Mount Vernon on San Jacinta Bay on the morning of the 27th ult. and Mrs Sherman on the 28th. In life beloved and respected, in death lamented.'

DOMESTIC.

License Law Repealed.—The bill repealing the law of 1838, usually called the fifteen-gallon law, having been enacted in both branches of the Legislature, was on Tuesday 11th inst. approved and signed by the Governor.

A highly successful experiment has been made in London, for the production of gas from water and tar combined. The gas burned with a flame as pure and bright as that from coal, while the expense of its production is much less, and the process is much more simple and expeditious. It was estimated that gas from tar and water could be furnished at one third of the price charged for coal gas by the companies.

Silk.—The American Silk Society will meet in Washington city on the 19th of February next.—Amongst other business it is expected that the Society will then offer the following premiums for the production of silk, viz: Five premiums of $1000 each each; five of $500 each; fifty of $100 each; fifty of $50 each; and $1000 in premiums on manufactured silks. All persons disposed to contribute to the premium fund are requested to address their favors to Gideon B. Smith, Esq. Secretary of the American Silk Society, Baltimore.

Disasters at Sea in 1839.—A record has been kept at the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society during the year just closed, as in past years, of disasters at sea, so far as they could be ascertained, which resulted in a total loss of the vessel. The following number is the result: The whole number of vessels lost is 442. Of these there were, Ships and Barques, 224; Brigs, 124; Schooners, 187; Sloops, 16; Steamboats, 9; Unknown, 32.

Of these there were lost, towards the close of 1838, but were reported in 1839, 52. Wrecked in January, 26; February, 27; March 32; April, 21; May, 29; June, 18; July, 15; August, 29; September, 64; October, 30; November, 27; December, 8; Time Unknown, 61.

Added to the above entire and known losses, there has been reported thirty-seven missing vessels during the year which with their crews, have most probably been entirely lost. Five hundred and thirty-seven lives have been reported as lost, but the loss of life is undoubtedly much greater than this as many vessels were reported as abandoned, or bottom up, where the crew was missing, and no intelligence has been received from them. The above facts speak a language concerning the sorrows of seamen, not to be misunderstood, and they should be most solemnly pondered by those who have a heart to feel, and a heart to relieve.—*Sailor's Magazine.*

Beet Sugar.—David L. Childs, Esq. has received from the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, a premium of $100 for elegant specimens of brown and white sugar of beets, as manufactured by him at Northampton. It clarifies and crystalizes with even more facility and beauty than the Havana. Mr Childs has published an admirable treatise on the culture derived from his own experience, and from observations during his travels in Europe. —*N. Y. Star.*

A Veteran.—The oldest printer in New England is Benjamin Russell. His *apprenticeship* commenced in August, 1774, with Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester; but he had learned of his uncle to *set types* several years before that. The oldest printer now connected with the press, in New England, if not in the United States, we believe to be John Prentiss, of Keene, N. H.—*N. Y. Whig.*

Hot Oil Lamp.—The Philadelphia Journal of the Franklin Institute contains an account of Parker's 'hot oil lamp,' by the use of which it is said the cost of illumination with sperm oil is fifty per cent. less than by other lamps. Experiments were tried with various substances and it was found that the hot oil lamp with Southern whale affords an economy of light nearly twelve times greater that German wax candles, seven times greater than mould candles, and fourteen times greater than spermaceti. In connection with the present high prices of sperm oil, any discovery tending to economise the use of this indispensable article must prove highly useful to housekeepers.

Value of Railroads.—The Philadelphia Inquirer says—A few days since an engine (Gowen & Marx) arrived at the Columbia Railroad bridge from Reading, 54 1-2 miles, with 85 loaded cars and 372 tons of merchandize! Running times, four hours thirty-two minutes; 9553 barrels of flour, 20 cords of hickory and 34 tons of nails, formed part of the freight.

[From the Boston Courier, of Feb. 14.]

Correction.—An article, which first appeared in the New-York Dispatch, giving an erroneous account of circumstances attending the death of a son of the Rev. Mr Briggs, crept, unawares, into our paper yesterday. We regret the insertion of the article, for, besides its want of accuracy, it unnecessarily wounded the feelings of bereaved and afflicted parents. We are informed by a gentleman well acquainted with the family and the circumstances of the case referred to, that the author of the paragraph was entirely under a mistake as to the misapplication of medicine. The afflicted family are confident that they had no such medicine in their house, as was named, and none but that with which they were perfectly acquainted; and farther, none but such as had been frequently used by other members of the family. We understand the complaint of the patient to have been, without doubt, apoplexy, or congestion of the blood on the brain.

[Editors who have published the erroneous statement referred to, are requested to insert the above.]

Boston Asylum and Farm School.—The following are extracts from the Report of the Managers of this Institution, presented at the annual meeting, Jan. 14:

The numbers of Pupils in the Institution during the year past, have varied from sixty to one hundred. Of these, twenty-one have been indented as apprentices to farmers in the country, and to various mechanical employments, agreeably to the regulations and under the immediate direction of the Board. A few who were placed by their friends at the School *on pay*, have been withdrawn; two at their earnest request have been allowed to go to sea, and one has died. Sixty-one now remain in the Institution; and, according to the monthly Report of the Instructer, this day presented, are all in good health.

A small number of Boys has been admitted to the School upon the condition of the payment of their board. This class of pupils has been reluctantly, and only under peculiar circumstances, received. It remains a subject of regret, that the state of the funds has not justified the Managers in receiving many others to its charity. Pressing applications, to which they would gladly have yielded, they have, for this reason only, been compelled to reject.

Although from the inconveniences inseparable from changes in its government, the Institution had unquestionably suffered for a short period in its discipline and progress, the Board are now happy in reporting an obvious and decided improvement.

The School.

From the returns of the Instructer since July last, and specially from frequent visits of the Managers to the Island during the season, it appears, that a course of discipline and tuition has been pursued, the fruits of which have already been seen in the good conduct and progress of the pupils. With the just allowance to be made for the occupation of a large proportion of the Boys on the Farm through the laboring season, their proficiency in the various branches of their education has been commendable.

Besides the regular daily instruction, an evening school has been opened, which has been faithfully attended. The influence of the Sunday School, especially, on the moral and spiritual culture, has proved of great value. The Instructer informs us, that attention to all the exercises, not only of the Sabbath, but of the daily School, has been obviously increased since its commencement.

Public Worship.

We are happy to state, in connexion with the Sunday School, that notwithstanding the inconveniences of the insular situation, public worship on the Sabbath and regular religious instruction have been maintained, for the most part by clergymen or other qualified teachers, through the season. For this important service, so desirable and interesting to the whole household, the Board acknowledge their special obligations to the gentlemen who have visited the Island on successive Sundays; and to the assiduous and unwearied care, for this purpose as well as others, of one of their own number, Moses Grant, Esq.

When, however, the season of the year, or the state of the weather prevents the visits of professional gentlemen, the pupils with the whole household are assembled for social worship, under the direction of the Superintendent or Instructer.

The Farm.

The produce of the Farm for the last season has fully realized expectation, both in quantity and quality. The crops have proved good and abundant. In the cultivation of the Farm about thirty of the Boys have been diligently and successfully employed.—And their good practical instruction in this, one of the most important and honorable departments of human industry, must be counted not the least among the benefits of this Institution.

Condition of those Indented.

Frequent inquiries are made by the Board upon this subject. Satisfactory testimonials by letters and other communication have been received of the condition and conduct of many, who in past years have been sent forth; some of whom, having attained to manhood, are already actively, and we hope, honorably, engaged in the duties of life.

In recurring to the history of the Institution from its establishment, the Managers have found reason to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings of Divine Providence in the large measures of health and exemption from bereavement, with which it has been favored. Nor may the last year be, on the whole, considered an exception. For though in a few instances visits of the Physician have been required, and one of the pupils, who had been long in a feeble condition, was removed by death, yet the Boys have in general enjoyed good health, and at the present moment, as for several months past, there is abundant cause for the same grateful acknowledgment.

Two or three instances of liberality by benevolent individuals have already been gratefully noticed by the Board. But they cannot in this connexion omit a remembrance of the services rendered to the Institution by one of its late Managers, John D. Williams, Esq, whose interest in its prosperity, evinced by his watchful care from its commencement, by his long and faithful fulfilment of his duties as a Manager, and by many generous acts of charity, demand a special acknowledgment in this Report.

It may be hoped, that these examples of liberality, now as much needed as they will be gratefully received, may be followed by others of our fellow-citizens of like spirit; and that the Managers will thus be enabled to extend and multiply the benefits of an Institution, which proposing at once the temporal and the spiritual welfare of the destitute and the tempted, by rescuing from poverty and vice, and by training them to virtue, usefulness and immortal life, cannot but be deemed worthy of the patronage and prayers of an enlightened Christian community.

All which is respectfully submitted.

Francis Parkman,
For the Committee.

FOREIGN.

Liberia and the Mandingoes.—A late number of the National Intelligencer has an article on Liberia, and the Mandingoes, giving intelligence which must be very gratifying to every friend of humanity.

Among the interesting communications, says the Intelligencer,—'lately received the Colonization Office, from Governor Buchanan, of Liberia, is a letter in Arabic, from a Mandingo trader, who was on a visit to the Colony from this country. There was no person in the Colony who could read this letter. A translation of it has been made at the Department of State, and we are happy to present it to the public, as a paper involving considerations of much interest to the negro colony of Liberia. Ibrahim, the writer of the paper, went to Liberia on a trading expedition, and whilst there, being requested by Governor Buchanan to give him a specimen of Arabic writing, he wrote the paper of which we present the following translation. Governor Buchanan and Ibrahim had conversed frequently upon the horrible slave trade in which the Mandingoes are known to participate:

Translation.

'Oh, God! The blessing of God be upon Mohammed, and the family of Mohammed, with peace.

'Many salutations from the country of Kokoro, Sultan Mekan. A vessel came to the land of Soudan (Negroland) with a prosperous and happy voyage. Many vessels have come, and many people, wishing to sweep the whole country, and to take many men. The people do not wish to sell slaves; the strong in heart do not wish to sell slaves; they love justice, and shun what is evil. This they will do, if it please God. There is no power nor strength but in God alone, the great. As he has said in his word, (the Koran.) How many small armies have conquered great ones by the permission of God? And God is with those who do good.

'Peace be to him who follows the right path.

'Ibrahim wrote this.'

The Intelligencer proceeds to give the following account of the Mandingoes, their country, religion &c.

This letter, we understand, is very correctly written in the Koranic Arabic. The letters of the manuscript are *Mauritanic*, or *Mogrebin*, and are well written, under the disadvantage of their being made by a pen instead of the *calamus* or reed.

The country occupied by the Mandingo negroes is watered by the Joliba, Quorra, and Niger. The tributary streams of the Senegal rise in the Mandingo country, of which *Kokoro* is the principal. The geographic distance of the Kokoro from Liberia is about four hundred miles.

The Mandingoes constitute the most populous and commercial tribe of Soudan or Negroland. These people and the Foolahs form a link between the Moors, or Arabs, of the desert of Sahara, and the true negro. According to Mr Byrant Edwards, they have not the thick lips and flat noses of the more Southern tribes, and their hair, though bushy and crisped, is not woolly, but soft and silky to the touch.

The Mandingoes are for the most part, Mohammedans. They read and write the Arabic of the Koran, and to this superiority over the idolatrous tribes of *fetichism* they add that of greater natural sagacity and intelligence. Their Government is republican in its form, whilst that of the negro tribes, generally, is monarchical and despotic. They frequently war with each other, and with those tribes regarded by them as the enemies of their faith. Indeed, the propagation of the Koran by the sword is an article of Mohammedan faith and precept. The commerce of the interior is chiefly in the hands of the slave traders.

It gives us much pleasure to find, from Ibrahim's letter, that the slave trade is regarded by Mohammedans as opposed to humanity and to the precepts of the Koran. Liberia is destined, by its moral influence upon the neighboring nations, to exercise a powerful control over the slave trade of the interior, and we hope for its entire suppression. The Mandingo traders, returning to their homes, will extend the knowledge of this free colony of negroes, possessing the arts and the science of the white man, whose superiority the negro tribes of the coast have so long been accustomed to dread. If Africa shall ever receive civilization, it will come from the colony of Liberia.

Russia.—The Emperor Nicholas has recently issued an order to the Minister of the Interior, favorable to the Jews. By this order the title of citizen of the first class may be held by any Jew who renders himself worthy of it by personal merit, or by any eminent service rendered to the State,—either in art, science manufactures, trade or otherwise. Previously to this no Israelite could, on any conditions, hold any such title in any part of the Russian dominions.

The Editor of the Transcript, referring to the subject says Russia is rapidly emerging from a state of semibarbarism, and a spirit of liberality is beginning to dawn on her political institutions. Indeed we should not be surprised to see this giant nation, in less than a quarter of a century, taking the lead, in all that relates to human improvement, of several of her now more advanced sisters of Southern Europe.

Nicholas has probably become convinced, however, that oppression is neither the best mode of making good and useful subjects, nor the treatment most likely to lead the Jew to believe and embrace the Christian religion. Perhaps he has taken a step that will be the means of opening the eyes and enlightening the understanding of those of his brother sovereigns who are groping in darkness, and have great need, although they never asked, for 'more light.'

*** A meeting of the members and friends of the Boston Port Society, will be held on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the Rev. Dr Channing's church, to receive a report, and to hear statements of the history, proceedings, receipts and expenditures of the Society, and of the success of its efforts for the moral and religious improvement of seamen—and the means by which they may be further extended.

The public generally are invited to attend.

In behalf of the board of managers.

Chas. Henry Parker, *Secretary.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Elijah B. Goodwin to Miss Pamelia T. Bullard.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Aiken, Mr Amos Sumner, of Dedham, to Mrs Ann J. Newman, of this city.

Feb. 18, Luther Crane, Esq. of Newton, Lower Falls, to Mrs. Sarah Maria Hayes, of Boston.

In Van Buren, N. Y. on the 12th inst. by Rev. Mr Storer, Adonijah White, M. D. to Miss Lucia H. Dow.

In West Cambridge, Feb. 12th, Mr Jefferson Cutter to Miss Sarah E. eldest daughter of Thomas Thor

In New Lebanon, N. Y. Gideon Putnam, Esq. of Warrentown, Ga. to Stella C. daughter of the Hon. Henry Shaw of Lancsborough, Mass.

DEATHS.

Died in Charlestown, Feb. 2d Harriet B. Daughter of Joshua S. Bailey 82 years.

In this city, on Saturday morning, Mrs Ann L. Dolbeare, 43.

15th inst. Mrs Phebe, widow of the late Mr John Emerson, (a pensioner) of Reading 87.

In Salem, Capt. John Ingersoll. 83.

In West Bridgewater. 9th inst. Mrs Keziah, wife of Dea. Noah Edson, 75.

In Bridgewater, 12th inst. Widow Mary Cary aged 88.

In Mansfield, 20th ult. Lieut Mason Cobb, aged 84; 28th, Mr Benj. Cobb, aged 87; 4th inst. Capt. John Cobb, aged 82, all three brothers and revolutionary pensioners.

In Dighton, Mr Eben Reed, a revolutionary pensioner, 82.

In Billerica, Josiah Stevens, Esq. 73.

In Salem, Dea. Nehemiah Adams, 71.

Mrs Charlotte Coffin, wife of Mr George Dodge, Jr. 21.

In Newburyport, Mrs Catharine Davis, aged 98.

In Haverhill, suddenly, Col. William Batchellor, aged 68; Miss Mehitable Wingate, aged 37.

In Bradford, Mrs Martha Tenney, aged 96.

In Springfield, on the 7th instant Elisha Edwards Esq 45.

In Fitchburg Jan. 29, William Thomas Marshal, son of Thomas C. and Charlotte E. Caldwell; Elizabeth Brimblecom, 75.

COLLOT'S FRENCH COURSE.—Collot's Progressive French Dialogues and Phrases with an English Translation.
Collot's Progressive French Anechotet and Questions.
Collot's Progressive Interlinear French Reader.
Collot's Progressive Pronouncing French Reader.
Collot's Levizac's French Grammar.
These books are now extensively used in the schools of Boston, and other parts of New England.
For sale by the dozen or single, by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. feb 15

SELF CULTURE.—A few copies of Dr Channing's Self Culture, being the balance of the edition, just received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. f22

LOCKE ON THE EPISTLES.—A Paraphrase and Notes on the Epistles of St. Paul, to which is prefixed an Essay for the Understanding of St Paul's Epistles by consulting St Paul himself. By John Locke. 1 vol 8vo
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. f22

REV. DR. GILMAN'S DISCOURSE.—A Discourse on the Life and Character of Hon. Thomas Lee, late Judge in the District Court of the United States, pronounced in the Unitarian Church, Charleston, S. C., by Samuel Gilman, D. D., Pastor of said Church.
Just published and for sale by J. MUNROE & Co.
feb 22

COLERIDGE'S AIDS.—Aids to Reflection, by S.T. Coleridge, with a Preliminary Essay, by Jas. Marsh D. D. From the fourth London Edition, with the author's last corrections. Edited by Henry N. Coleridge, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.
This day received by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. feb 22

WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE ON WEDNESDAY, FOURTH OF MARCH.
WEST'S CHRIST REJECTED, THETIS BRINGING THE ARMOR TO ACHILLES, AND THE COMBAT BETWEEN DIOMED AND HECTOR PREVENTED BY THE LIGHTNING OF JUPITER.
The above three Pictures, painted by Benjamin West, Esq P. R. A. are now on view at Harding's Gallery, School street, from 10 in the morning till 8 in the evening.
Admission 25 cents. Children half price. Lighted with gas at dusk every evening.
The two latter pictures have never been seen before in this country.
On Sundays the Exhibition will be open from 5 P. M. to 8 P. M. f8

WESTFORD ACADEMY.—The Spring Term of the Academy, will commence on the fourth of March next. The School, under the care of Mr John Kebler, is in a very satisfactory and flourishing condition. Instruction is given in all the English studies pursued in the High Schools and Academies of the Commonwealth, and in the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian and German languages. The Academy is situated in a remarkably pleasant and healthful village. The price of board is low, and the charge for tuition is only three dollars a quarter.
J. W. P. Abbot, *Secry of the Trustees.*
Feb. 15th, 1840.

ORTHOPEDIC INFIRMARY,—*for the Treatment of Spinal Distortions, Club-Feet, etc.* At 65 Belknap Street, Boston. Patients from a distance can be accommodated with board in the immediate neighborhood. JOHN B. BROWN, M. D. Surgeon.
We the subscribers approve of Dr J. B. Brown's plan of an Infirmary for the treatment of Spinal Affections, Club-Feet, and other Distortions of the human body, and will aid him by our advice whenever called upon.
John C. Warren, George Hayward, Edw. Reynolds, Jno. Randall, J. Mason Warren, John Jeffries, John Homans, M. S. Perry, W. Channing, George C. Shattuck, Jacob Bigelow, Enoch Hale, W. Strong, George Parkman, D. Humphrey Storer, George W. Otis Jr., Winslow Lewis, Jr., J. H. Lane, Edw. Warren, George B. Doane, John Ware, George Bartlett, John Flint, J. V. C. Smith.
The above Institution has now been in operation over two years. During this time, a large number of Invalids have been admitted, who were suffering under almost every kind of physical deformity, particularly *curvatures of the Spine* and *Club-Feet*, of all variety and degree.
The plan of Treatment in this Infirmary is in conformity with the most enlightened principles, which, in practice, have been found so successful in the modern Orthopedic Institutions of Europe. With what success it has been attended here, may be known by inquiring of any of the regular surgeons or physicians of this city.
Boston, Feb. 22, 1840. 1y

NEW BOOKS.—Memoirs and Reminiscences of the French Revolution, by Madame Tussaud, edited by Francis Herve, Esq.—2 vols.
Answers to the Questions: What constitutes Currency? what are the causes of unsteadiness of the Currency? and what is the remedy? By H. C. Carey.
Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, with a preliminary essay, by James Marsh, D. D. 1 vol. 8vo. etc. This day received at TICKNOR'S feb 22.

BANKS, BANKING AND PAPER CURRENCE.—In three parts. 1. History of Banking and paper money; 2. Argument for open competition in Banking: 3. Apology for one dollar notes. By Richard Hildreth, author of the Life of Harrison, &c. This day published and for sale at TICKNOR'S. 22.

DR. CHANNING'S SEQUEL TO SELF CULTURE.—Published this morning and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School St.—Two lectures on the elevation of the laboring portion of the community delivered at the Masonic Temple before the Mechanic Apprentices Library Association. feb 22

STOW ACADEMY.—A few more scholars can be accommodated at this institution, on seasonable application. The Spring term will commence on Monday March 2nd. Instruction given in all the common and higher English branches, in the Latin, Greek and French languages, in the drawing of maps, in the principles of music and in singing.
No pains will be spared with students preparing for the University. Board reasonable. Tuition $4,50 per quarter.
FRANCIS L. CAPEN, *Preceptor.*
feb 22.

VALUABLE WORKS ON NATURAL HISTORY—imported and for sale by *CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN*, 112 Washington st.
Dictionnaire classique des sciences naturelles, par M. Drapier, 5 vols and plates
Œuvres du comte de lacepede, compresant l'histoire naturelle des quadrupeds
Gvipares, des serpents, des poissons et des letates, &c. 4 vols and plates
Cuvier—rigne animal avec figures—5 vols
Lamarck—Histoire naturalle des animaux sans vertebres, 7 vols
Latreille—Crustaces, arachnides et insects—2 vols
Gerardin—Tableau elementaire d'ornithologie—2 vols with plates
Viellot—Galenie des oiseaux, 2 vols 4to—400 plates
P. Lyonet—Anatomie et metamorphoses de different especes d'insectes—2 vols 4to
Buffon—Œuvres completes, 5 vols. and plates.
Aldrovandus—Ornithologia, 2 vols. folio.
Introduction to Entomology—by Kirby and Spence 4 vols.
Kirby's insects—4to, colored engravings.
The British cyclopedia of natural history—edited by C. F. Partington, 3 vols.
Bewick's British birds—2 vols. &c. &c. &c.
f22

ALICE BRADFORD, or Experimental Religion. A Second Edition. Published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS,

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

A SONG OF DEATH.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

I saw a young and beautiful child,
At play amid the blooming flowers,
And he heeded not, in his childish sport,
The swiftly fleeting hours.
I looked in his bright intelligent eye,
On his lofty and noble brow;
I said, thou art far too pure for earth,
And I 'll take thee home even now.
I touched him with soft and gentle hand,
And he fell like a lily frail,
While the light of innocence brightly shone
O'er his placid features pale.

I looked in the miser's lone, dark cell,
Where he brooded o'er heaps of gold,
All lean and shrivelled, and starved and grim,
Mid his stores of wealth untold.
Thou art but a cumberer of the earth,
I said, as I raised my dart.
He but clutched his gold with a firmer gripe,
As I pierced him through the heart.

I stood by the ruthless murderer's side,
And he shuddered and shivered with fear,
And remorse like a vulture gnawed his heart,
' As he felt me draw more near;
With a frenzied eye, and anguished voice,
He besought that I would spare.
But his ear had been deaf to many a call,
And I heeded not his prayer.

I stood by the couch of Ambition's son,
And he muttered amid his dreams,
' Tomorrow, high office and rank will be mine,
And wealth shall flow on in streams.'
Tomorrow? ah, fool! this night I am come
To take thy soul and thy breath.
He gave one wild and despairing shriek,
And fell, with a curse on Death.

There was one who had plunged in the giddy whirl
Of the basest joys of earth;
He had drunk from Pleasure's madd'ning bowl,
With a hollow-hearted mirth.
But I mixed another and different cup,
Which I placed in his trembling hand;
I forced him to drink, though he loathed the draught;
And he joined my shadowy band.

I paused a moment beside the couch
Of one, how unearthly fair!
From her soft dark eyes beamed a heavenly light,
And her lips breathed a gentle prayer.
She spoke to her mourning and weeping friends,
And her voice was soft and low.
' To that home where no sin or sorrow comes,
Why weep ye that I should go? '
I filled the air with music faint,
And she felt my presence near,
She murmured forth, ' Thou art welcome, Death,
I have no doubt or fear.'
I but breathed on her slight aerial form,
And she seemed to fade in air.
But I left on her lip the calm sweet smile
Shedding its beauty there.

A feebly-moaning and aged voice
The silence of midnight broke,
'Twas a childless widow's imploring prayer
For my long-delaying stroke
'Alone, alone, in this crowded world,
No friend, no child, no kin,—
Am I doomed forever on earth to live,
For some secret dreadful sin?
My God! my God! thou hast taken them all
Oh hast thou forgotten me?'
I gently said to her, weep no more!
I am come to set thee free.
Her dim eye flashed with a sudden light,
Her voice rose clear and shrill,
She uttered in triumph ' I thank thee, God!'
And her heart for joy stood still.

Ye mortals! remember I come to all,
And the hour will be ere long:
Be faithful in trouble, be earnest in prayer,
In the trial day be strong,
Then shall ye have no cause to fear,
My coming no dread shall bring,
As the gloomy and dark and rayless night
Ushers the day's warm spring.

For the Register and Observer.

PRAYER.

Come, for the crested billow
Sleeps on its azure pillow,
And the soft veil of eve lies mirrored there:
Come with thy heart's devotion,
Calm every wild commotion,
And with retiring day bend thee in prayer.

Come, for the night-shades, weeping,
Their silent watch are keeping,
And in the gem-bound arch the moon smiles fair:
Come with each hallowed feeling,
Each deep and pure revealing,
And at the shrine of truth bend thee in prayer.

Come, for the morn is breaking,
And the green earth is waking,
And the bright flowers their robes of beauty wear:
Come with thy glad thanksgiving,
And to the Ever Living
Pour out thy soul in humble, grateful prayer.

Come, for the noontide gleaming
O'er the blue hill is streaming;
Rest from thy toil and steal away from care:
Come if thy spirit falter,
Come if fear dim its altar,
Come, thou wilt find a sweet relief in prayer.

Come, ye whose hearts are weary,
Come, ye whose paths are dreary,
Ye who life's dark and bitter cup must share:
Come with your doubt and sadness,
Strike the bright harp of gladness,
Tune it to praise, and lift thy thoughts in prayer.

Come, ye who know no sorrow,
Come, for the untried morrow
Brings the untasted draught of bliss and care:
Come, and with fervent feeling,
Low and in secret kneeling,
Pray that your souls a holy peace may share.

Then when the shades steal o'er thee,
And the bright bark that bore thee
Speeds thee apace across the lonely wave;
Then shall the angel-greeting,
Thy weary spirit meeting,
Whisper, the prayer of faith hath power to save.

L. B. T.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause:
(They can be meek, that have no other cause,)
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COWPER AND HIS MOTHER'S IMAGE.

The fountains of that infant bosom were at last exhausted. Time, the consoler, dried up those tears; the lesson of submission must sooner or later be learned; yet could he forget his mother? Could such a spirit as Cowper's erase from his thoughts what she had been to him—she who bore him? No, never! the record of her kindness there out-lived the storm which had driven over its wasting march, and blotted out many a more recent, less indelible scene. How beautifully he paints her care and love, her sweet maternal tenderness. Many a thought of future delight in her bosom; many a promise was streaking with its lines of light over that loving heart—her boy, her pride and hope. And yet she knew not his name would live in deathless history, among the gifted sons of song. She knew not what a tribute the virtuous and the good would owe him; nor did she anticipate—well that she could not—the harrowing scenes through which his too sensitive spirit must pass. It might also have withered her soul within her, turned her rejoicing in his brightness, into an anguish too heavy to be borne, could she have witnessed beforehand, the fiery ordeal which burned in its characters of misery upon his feeling heart. But to the description of which we were speaking:

' Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor:
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own,
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd,
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little notic'd here.'

The old paternal mansion has passed into other hands; yet with what vividness, as if it had been the scene of his daily pilgrimage, does he treasure up each relic of those hours when she was living, and he was the darling object of her care. You can see her wrapping his little ' scarlet mantle warm' around him, and placing on his head his ' velvet cap,' and committing him, laden with his biscuit and sugar plums, and neatly washed and perfumed by her own hand, and not too without many a smile and kiss, to careful Robin: he rolls on in his ' bauble coach,' in mimic state, to the school along the public way. Night after night, as the very last, not least of her cares, she steals into his chamber on tiptoe, lest she may rouse her sleeping child; there she stands above him; you hear her breathe out her silent prayer, as she bends over and listens if any sign of disease or ailment meets her ear; and if he chance to look up, what a heavenly smile of affection greets him, what words of softness! then with a kiss too gentle to wake her boy if he sleeps, she quits his bed-side, assured that his comfort is well cared for. She was indeed a Mother to thee, Cowper! and thy loss in losing her how great! If we may trust thy report, too, she was subject to no sallies of passion; her temper was gentle as the silent stream, mild as thy own spirit in its happiest moods; hers,

' The constant flow of love that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interpos'd too often makes.'

What he calls a ' frail memorial,' the tribute which he is paying to her worth, is more durable than monuments of marble or brass; it has wrought in his own with his mother's name imperishable till time is no more, and instead of being ' little noticed,' as he might believe, it has stirred many a bosom with a sympathetic throb.

The next lines are the offspring of a heart, though bleeding and wrung with anguish, resigned to its heavenly Father's will, assured that the kindred spirit it yearns for is too blessed even for the wish, were it in his power, to call her back to earth and its sorrows again:

' Could Time, his flight revers'd restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile:)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.'

How happy he, playing with her brocade gown, amusing himself in transferring the forms of the various flowers to his paper, and she, too, the happier of the twain, softly patting his head, running her fingers through his locks, and smiling so sweetly! What a perfect figure of reciprocating affection! how dear to him again that delight! scarce could he trust his heart in view of it; feeling might also sway his better judgment; but no, this would be a poor requital to summon back, for so momentary a pleasure as life might give, a saint from the blissful service and songs of heaven—the freed spirit, there soaring far above every sorrow, to the bondage of toil, and care, and trial here below. This was too selfish; it could not be. The figure under which he represents her is admirably sustained; not too far urged, as an inferior poet might have done with such a conceit, but painting in a few strokes, the ' gallant bark' that has weathered the tempest, crossed the ocean, and shot into the sheltering port of some spicy isle and softened clime, the waters of which mirror her quiescent beauteous form, with streamers gay, and where gentle breezes play around her, fragrant with their incense: her consort anchored by her side; and how mournfully sad the image of himself, tempest-tossed, the sport of waves, driven from port, and daily more near to despair. See how clearly the picture is drawn:

' Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
' Where tempest never beats nor billows roar.'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant than a prosperous course,
Yet oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he,
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me,
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.'

In the midst of the thought of his own wretchedness, he checks the feeling ready to brood over this misery, and with unselfish simplicity, joys in her safety. Then in a moment allying himself to her, he asserts his claim, not of royal lineage—that were too poor a boast for him—but as ' the son of parents passed into the skies.' How earthly pomp and power fade in comparison with this! and yet how many, too, forswear such a birthright, and cast away his holy privileges. Sweet poet! thy prayer has been granted; tempest-tossed as thou wert, thy mother and thyself have met, and thou art happy! One might almost suppose that the smile of surprised delight which sat upon thy lips in death, was the token of that meeting with her, when thy despairing spirit, at the very moment of departure, caught its welcome from the maternal embrace of that guardian angel sent to guide thee to the realms of unfading day?

And now farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done,
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seemed t' have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed thy power to soothe me left.'

This conclusion is in fine keeping with the rest of the poem. He said all that he ought or wished to say. A mother's praises have called forth some of the richest strains of tenderness that have ever fallen from his lips, all hallowed as they were with benignant affection. He has retraced, as in her society and converse, his childhood, and renewed his past joys without disturbing her pure and blessed spirit in its work of higher service. The mimic art and wings of unconfined fancy have aided him to join her, and to breathe out to her his sorrows; and though an orphan as before, and life is passing roughly with him still, yet in her soothing power holding over his heart such a spell, he is but half robbed—the portrait smiling as she ever did upon him, is his own.

This is true poetry; but not in the style too much admired at the present day, which, not content with painting the incident, the scene, and the personages as Cowper has done, and suffering as by a sort of sympathy that draws one into his very heart, to know the feeling itself, attempts, by various comparisons, to describe it, and while it would enlighten, renders all more dark. Half of the poety which passes current, and receives high praise at the present day, has this grievous error. It is artificial and tame; or it is dashing among unreal forms; it wants nature; it does not gush out unbidden like this of Cowper; it does not give the reader an identity with the poet. Much has been said of a spiritualized poetry; it is fashionable to praise to the skies a species of refined writing of so ethereal a character that it seems to require some peculiar mental conformation, distinct from the heart's converse with life to appreciate its excellency. Of the superiority of our poetry—we might name examples—we are content to remain in ignorance. We know that we are wanting in the requisite organs of taste to find pleasure in it; and we would give more for one line of Cowper, fresh and true to the feelings of the heart as it speaks to the sympathy of mankind in general, than for the whole paragraphs to gain a conception of which we must be so idealized and separated into an existence which has no sympathy with human hearts. We must forbear. At some future time we intend an analysis of some other pieces of poetry. We may have dwelt too long for our pages on the one before us; yet we could fill pages still with a variety of thought upon it; so much is there untouched which has been suggested by the perusal af this little gem of a poem.—*Mentor and Fireside Review.*

THE TEMPER. AN ANECDOTE.

I recollect reading an anecdote some time since, in the journal of one of our popular tourists, which exhibited the disastrous effects that sometimes ensue from the want of self government on trifling occasions. As far as I can remember, the story ran as follows;

The American tourist encountered, while travelling in a diligence in France, an elderly lady, who was a native of the country, and whose amiable and attractive manners, and good-humored endurance of fatigue and inconveniences, excited the commendations of the American. The prepossession was mutual, and before the travellers separated, the matron threw out sundry hints for the practical guidance of her more youthful associate. Among these, was a judicious caution to him against marrying any woman, before he had become well acquainted with her domestic virtues. To this end, she advised him never to visit any young lady as an admirer, at a regular hour on each returning day. The traveller manifested surprise, and inquired ' what possible evil could result from paying his visits to the object of his admiration, at stated seasons?'

' Very great deception as to character,' she replied, ' might probably be the consequences, inasmuch as the young lady knowing when her lover was to be expected, would be prepared in holiday dress and smiles, to welcome him. A friend of mine,' she said, ' had learned a painful lesson, by thus regularly making his calls at a particular hour of the evening, on a fair acquaintance. So admirably had she uniformly appeared at these times, and so attractive, that his heart had been taken captive; and the young lady and her family smiling on his suit, it was about to be consummated, when a very short time previous to that fixed on for their marriage, having occasion to leave town on business during the afternoon, he called unexpectedly, at an early hour of the morning, to take farewell. The hall door was open, and he entered unannounced; while he stood just within the threshold, he heard strange and discordant notes issuing from the family sitting room, which was near at hand. The sound was so unusual, that his foot was arrested, and he found himself undesignedly a listener in a scene, never intended for his ear. It was, alas! the voice of his *bien aimee* engaged in an angry discussion with her mother; about some article of dress, in which the taste of parent and child differed—one impassioned word followed another, until finally the refractory child prevailed, and the mother, with flushed face and swimming eyes, left the apartment, and passing through the hall, disappeared. Shocked and astounded by the alarming discovery which he had so unexpectedly made, the gentleman retreated with a sorrowful heart to his lodgings—a painful and heart-rending struggle ensued, the issue of which may be readily imagined; he wrote a kind and feeling letter to her who had thus deceived him so grossly, relinquished her hand forever, since he felt assured, that one who could not command her temper on such an occasion, to her mother, was illy qualified to render him happy as his wife.'

How many such discoveries are made, my dear E——, by both man and woman, when, alas! it can profit them nothing—the irrevocable vow has been pronounced, and they have been joined together, until death sever the tie, with tastes uncongenial, tempers unsanctified, and wills unsubdued.—*Young Ladies' Companion.*

WASHINGTON LOVED HIS MOTHER.

Immediately after the organization of the present government, general Washington repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure to New York. An effecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a tottering disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

' The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of the United States, but before I can assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and'——

Here the matron interrupted him—' You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always.'

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate, in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more!

The matron's predictions were true. The disease which had so long preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

It is related of Napoleon, the late Emperor of France, that when he was a child of seven years of age, he was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basket-full of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of his uncle. Napoleon denied that he had eaten them; but it was believed that he had, and he was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He, however, protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. As a further punishment he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese. However, he did not cry, though he was dull, but not sulky. At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of another of his sisters, Marianne Bonaparte, returned from the country, and on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace, she confessed that she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied, that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he said nothing.

Now this was covering the sin of his little friend. He scorned to be a tell-tale, even at the expense of suffering himself. Napoleon did this perhaps, from what is called a high sense of honor; and there was something noble in his conduct. When Napoleon was a man, he did many things falsely called glorious; but he never looked so glorious as when, on this occasion, he scorned to tell a lie, and charge himself with taking the fruit to save further punishment, and he would not tell of the others to get them punished. If we can prevent mischief, we should do so; but when it is done, let us not be the first to tell of it that we injure others. Let us warn them against doing it again; and if it be designed and deliberate mischief, let us avoid both them and their doings.

When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
No passion moves their lips to speak,—
No pride exalts their eyes.

A NOBLE-MINDED VIRGINIA FARMER.

Judge Wilkeson, the General Agent of the American Colonization Society, in a letter to the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany, dated the 7th inst. gives the following account of a noble-minded Virginian. These are the men which bind our country together. While Virginians continue to perform such deeds as those recorded below they will never fail to command the respect and love of mankind.

' Such spirit as I witnessed yesterday in a Virginia farmer, are enough to assure me that the scheme of colonization has the sympathy of the people. This farmer's name is Johnson. He lived on the Ohio, and owned thirteen slaves. Ten years since he satisfied himself that it was his duty, as a good man professing to obey God, to set free his bondmen, ' in such a manner as would make their new condition of freedom as happy and useful as when they were servants.' After long deliberation, he concluded that the Colonization Society and Liberia afforded the only retreat from prejudice, and the best promise of an improved condition. He determined to free them. But one of his women had married a man on a neigboring plantation; Johnson was in very moderate circumstances, but with a rare generosity, he paid $500 for the man, that the wife he was sending to Liberia might not be parted from her husband. With great difficulty he gathered the means of bringing his little expedition of emigrants overland to Washington—lying by on the Sabbath. He came a distance of 120 miles, with women and little ones.

' I could not but be struck with the devotion to a good cause a poor man is capable of showing as I looked upon Johnson and his simple outfit—a covered wagon drawn by two old horses, and an ill-conditioned saddle horse loaded down with bags and clothes. The good man wore a hat with a broad brim, and had on the old fashioned leggins I used to see when I was a boy. As he united them, he talked of his blacks, of himself, and of his journey, with a simplicity that belongs not to this age. He spoke with the deep feeling of a Christian and an anxious friend, of the preparations to be made to send them to Liberia. He attended carefully to their comforts for the night previous to their passage to Norfolk, and on the morning parted with them on the deck of the boat with tears, whispering to himself a prayer for their welfare. He then paid over to the Society four hundred dollars.

' So good a man it would seem ought to be exempt from the common calamities of the day. But he went into the House of Representatives to gratify a curiosity, and in five minutes after being in the gallery his pocket book was cut out of his coat, containing almost $300, and he was left without a cent. Still the patient Christian, meekly remarked that ' he did not doubt that good would come of it, that God designed it.' He went back to his home to-day, promising to do all in his power for the Colonization Society. A pure, single hearted man with whom any cause is safe.'

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D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug, 10th, 1838. n24

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